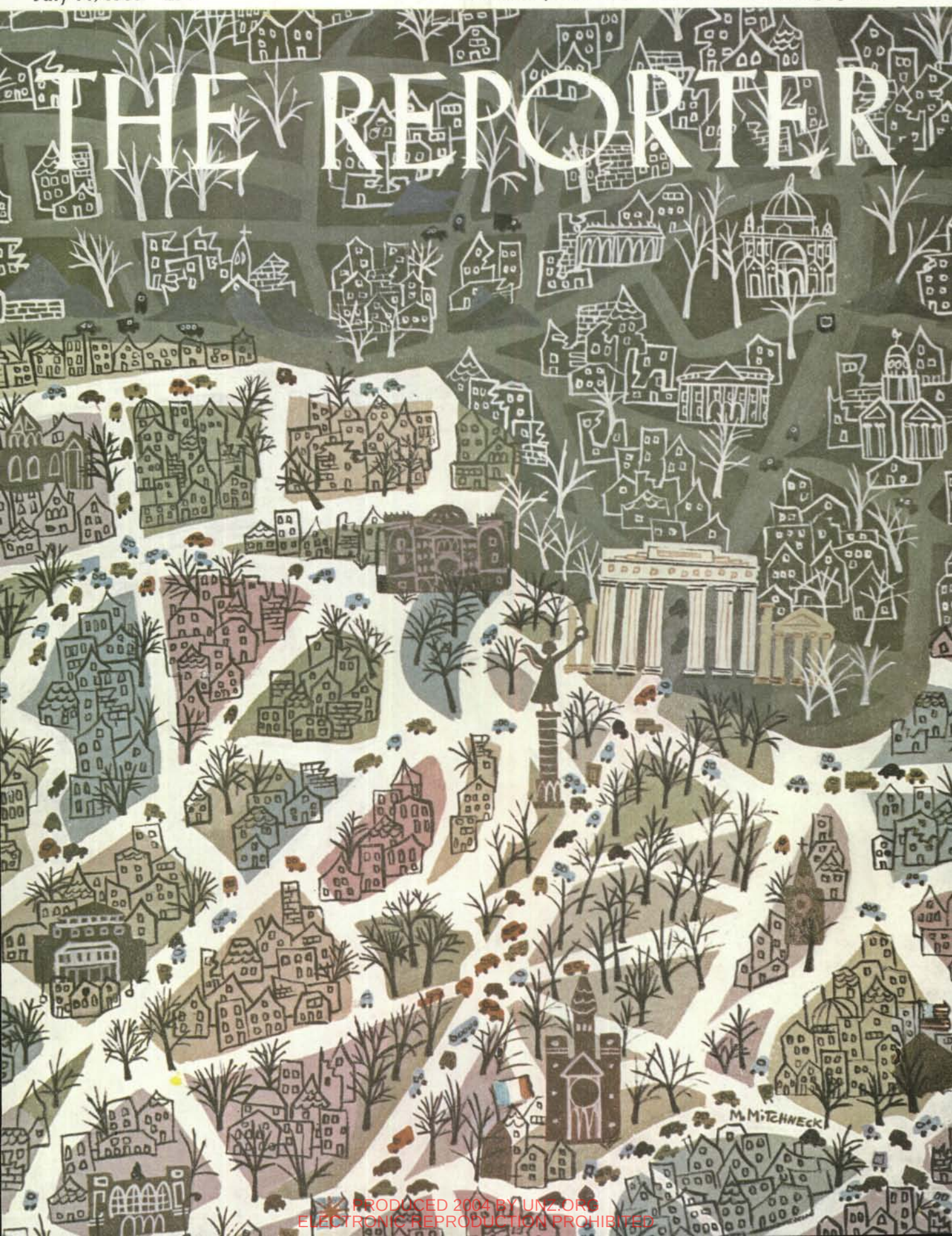
THE POLIO GAMBLE

July 14, 1955 25¢

Germany: the Drive for Reunification (page 12)



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

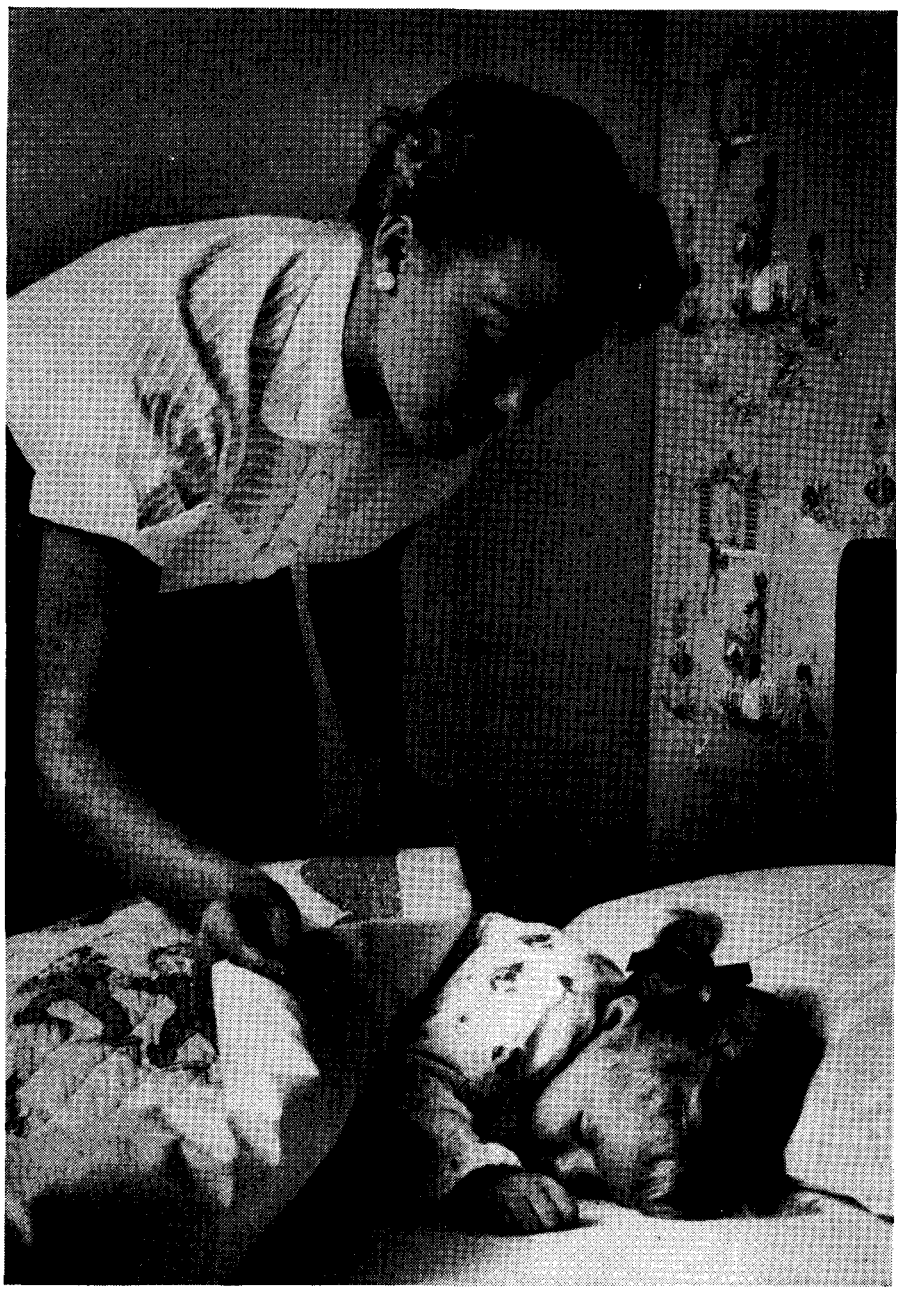
Wrapped in sleep...wrapped in love

Day's end for tiny legs and arms . . . the bedtime story told, prayers said, the tired little body held for a moment's hug, then tucked into bed . . .

Seal the day now with her good-night kiss and let her drift away into slumber, safe and secure.

Security is the deepest need of our living, and its greatest reward. To provide it for those we love is a privilege possible only in a country like ours.

And this is how we make America secure: by making our own homes so. One secure family circle touching another builds a secure land.



Saving for security is easy!
Read every word—now!

If you've tried to save and failed, chances are it was because you didn't have a *plan*. Well, here's a savings system that really works—the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in Savings Bonds.

This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save—a couple of dollars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay. And automatically invested in Series "E" U. S. Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only $3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have $2,137.30. If you can save as much as $18.75 a week, 9 years and 8 months will bring you $10,700!

For your sake, and your family's, too, how about signing up today?

The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AS A DEMONSTRATION...

Will you accept without charge **ANY ONE** *of these high-fidelity* MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS

Richard Strauss' **TILL EULENSPIEGEL'S MERRY PRANKS**

Smetana's **THE MOLDAU** (ON ONE 12" DISC)

George Szell, *conducting* The Music Appreciation Symphony Orchestra

Prokofiev's **CLASSICAL SYMPHONY**

Britten's **THE YOUNG PERSON'S GUIDE TO THE ORCHESTRA**

(ON ONE 12" DISC)

Alfred Wallenstein, *conducting* The Music Appreciation Symphony Orchestra

Wagner's **OVERTURES TO TANNHÄUSER and DIE MEISTERSINGER**

(ON ONE 12" DISC)

Norman Del Mar, *conducting* The London Symphony Orchestra

Haydn's **SYMPHONY NO. 102 IN B FLAT MAJOR**

Fritz Stiedry, *conducting* The Music Appreciation Symphony Orchestra

J.S.Bach's **SUITE FOR ORCHESTRA NO. 3 IN D MAJOR**

George Szell, *conducting* The Music Appreciation Symphony Orchestra

Schumann's **PIANO CONCERTO IN A MINOR**

Thomas Scherman, *conducting* The Little Orchestra

Eileen Flissler, *Pianist*

Mendelssohn's **VIOLIN CONCERTO IN E MINOR**

Alexander Smallens, *conducting* Stadium Concerts Symphony Orchestra • Fredell Lack, *Violinist*

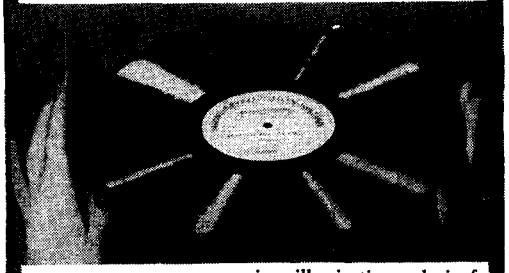
Beethoven's **SYMPHONY NO. 5 IN C MINOR**

Norman Del Mar, *conducting* The London Symphony Orchestra

TO HELP YOU UNDERSTAND MUSIC BETTER AND ENJOY IT MORE

SPONSORED BY THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, this new idea is designed for those who enjoy good music but who are aware, too often, that they do not listen to it with complete understanding and appreciation. There is no doubt about the reason: most of us are not primed about *what to listen for.* MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS meet this need—for a fuller understanding of music—better than any means ever devised. This form of self-education can be as thorough as the Music Appreciation courses given in many universities.

ON ONE SIDE there is a full performance of a great musical work. The records feature orchestras and soloists of recognized distinction in this country and abroad. You listen to this performance first, or afterward, as you desire, and then . . .



ON THE OTHER SIDE is an illuminating analysis of the music, with the themes and other main features of the work played separately with running explanatory comment, so that you can learn *what to listen for* in order to appreciate the work fully.

YOU SUBSCRIBE BUT TAKE ONLY THE RECORDS YOU WANT...A new MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORD will be issued—for subscribers only—every month. The announcement about each forthcoming record will be written by the noted composer and music commentator Deems Taylor. After reading this descriptive essay you may take the record or not. *You are not obligated to take any specified number of records.* And you may stop at any time!

TWO TYPES OF RECORDS AVAILABLE . . . All MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS are high-fidelity, long-playing records of the highest quality—33⅓ R.P.M. on Vinylite. They are of two kinds: first, a so-called Standard Record—a *twelve-inch* disc—which presents the performance on one side, the analysis on the other. This is sold at $3.60, to subscribers only. The other is an Analysis-Only Record—a *ten-inch* disc—priced at $2.40. The latter is made available each month for any subscriber who may already have a satisfactory long-playing record of the work being presented. (A small charge is added to the prices above to cover postage and handling.)

TRY A ONE-MONTH SUBSCRIPTION—WITH NO OBLIGATION TO CONTINUE . . . Why not make a simple trial, to see if these records are as pleasurable and as enlightening as you may anticipate? The record you choose will be sent to you at once—*at no charge.* You may end the subscription immediately after hearing this record, or you may cancel any time thereafter.

PLEASE RETURN ONLY IF YOU HAVE A 33⅓ R. P. M. RECORD PLAYER

MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS
c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

R11-7

Please send me at once, without charge, the MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORD checked at the right and enter my name in a Trial Subscription to MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS, under the conditions stated above. It is understood that, as a subscriber, I am not obligated to buy any specified number of records, but may take only those I want. Also, I may cancel my subscription after hearing this first record, or any time thereafter at my pleasure, but the introductory record is free in any case.

AS MY FREE DEMONSTRATION RECORD PLEASE SEND ME

- ☐ Strauss' Till Eulenspiegel & Smetana's The Moldau
- ☐ Prokofiev's Symphony and Britten's Guide
- ☐ Wagner's Overtures
- ☐ Haydn's Symphony
- ☐ Bach's Suite
- ☐ Schumann's Concerto
- ☐ Mendelssohn's Concerto
- ☐ Beethoven's Symphony

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....
(Please Print)

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE.....STATE.....

MAR 37

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Spirit of Peace

Scenic Geneva, with its peaceful lake, neutral mountains, and humming United Nations activities, was surely a happier choice for a meeting at the summit than was Yalta ten years ago, marked by its grim eastern compounds and surrounding cordons of red-tabbed soldiery. The settings for sovereign encounters have more than incidental significance. In less civilized times than ours, they had to be chosen with the greatest care, lest one side be tempted to kidnap the other. Often a bridge between the two camps was used, on which a stout lattice served to separate them. In this fashion Edward IV of England and the master statesman Louis XI met over the Somme, and Louis XI in turn met the King of Castile in the middle of the Bidassoa in 1462.

Nearer our own time occurred the dramatic meeting of Alexander I of Russia and Napoleon on a barge in the Niemen. After the turn of the last century, the mutually suspicious cousins Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany and Czar Nicholas conferred on adjoining yachts in the Baltic.

Formerly, for any important congress the capital where the meeting was held indicated where great-power hegemony lay: Vienna in 1814, Paris in 1856, Berlin in 1878, and Paris again in 1919. Occasionally, as at Versailles in 1871 and at Potsdam in 1945, the meeting place was chosen to symbolize the destruction of the power in whose territory the conference took place. More recently, however, the trend has been to pick a neutral ground, preferably with pleasant climate, such as Geneva and Locarno, and such places have symbolized the relative equality in strength or prestige of the conferees. In Switzerland, moreover, the security police are effective, unobtrusive, and discreet. One may miss the glamour of a Congress of Vienna, but this is not yet the time for anyone to dance.

Rules of the Game

Meetings at the summit are a special form of diplomacy, with their own dos and don'ts and their own particular pitfalls. "Two great princes," warned the experienced Philippe de Comines in the fifteenth century, "who wish to establish good personal relations, should never meet each other face to face, but ought to communicate through good and wise ambassadors." Heads of government are often unaccustomed to dealing with equals, for one thing. Only rarely are they trained diplomats. Their range of possible misunderstandings is immense.

Usually only the heads of state or government participate at top-level meetings, accompanied by their Foreign Ministers. Shouldn't they also bring along someone from the smoke-filled room of their domestic politics as well? When Britain was in the throes of a General Election, Prime Minister Churchill took Clement Attlee to Potsdam, but a lesser man might not have done so.

There is a temptation to believe that a session of the topmost chiefs would have better chance of success if unencumbered by the armies of advisers, experts, and journalists who overrun international conferences. Wishfully people say, "If only 'They' could sit down quietly and talk out their differences, surely there could be a meeting of minds." The rival autocrats of Germany and Russia, Wilhelm and Nicholas, did just that half a century ago when they met in the Baltic on their steam yachts, and in a banqueting haze drew of a treaty of warm friendship—a document that so horrified the Foreign Offices of both sides when they learned of it that the agreement was promptly repudiated.

Advisers on the spot, then, are a useful adjunct—if listened to. Heads of government are sometimes hazy on geography, for instance—an important matter when boundary issues come up. At one conference before the First World War, Britain's Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, revealed not only that he did not know where the Persian Gulf and the Red

REFLECTIONS ON A BEACH

Out on a distant sweep of sand
What treasures are at hand?
What does the pounding sea
Heave up for you and me?
Let us see:
Light bulbs, a dozen;
    plastic bottles, eight;
Two fifths of whiskey;
    milk containers, three;
One shoe; a crate
Stamped CALIFORNIA, without fruit
Or loot. Ah yes, some shells,
Broken; pebbles, dull when dry
    —but see
Yonder, what glinting mystery?
Nearness dispels: no sand
Grinding however fine
Can dim a can of Ballantine;
No mighty ridge of roller
Can crush a Coca-Cola.
These things outlast
Their use: the durable refuse
Of transience. Ah that we were
Arzawas of Anatolia, leaving behind
A wrack of beauty! Ah that we
    could find
Here on this pure white beach
The marks—scoured, refined—
Of man's high reach!

—SEC

THE REPORTER, July 14, 1955. Volume 13, No. 1. Entered as second-class matter at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published every other Thursday, except for omission of two summer issues, by The Reporter Magazine Company, 136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y. Copyright 1955 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription price, United States, Canada, and U.S. Possessions: One year $5, Two years $8, Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6, Two years $10, Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new address. Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service*.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sea were, but that he thought they were the same. President Wilson was similarly confused at Versailles on salient points of east European ethnography, and he was too proud a man to take anyone's advice.

Then what should be talked about at the summit? Last July in Geneva the principal subject on the agenda was Korea, but the most urgent problem of the moment was Indo-China, and it was Indo-China that was discussed. At Paris in 1856, the powers met to settle the issues of the Crimean War, but Cavour instead made Austrian obstruction to Italy's unification the burning issue. Agendas are desirable, but one can never be sure they will be adhered to; what may have seemed a side issue sometimes develops into the main one.

An important condition, if success is expected, is that agreement on all essential problems be within sight before the meeting even takes place —a preparation not made before Yalta, but accomplished by Mr. Dulles this year when he would not go to Vienna for the signing of the Austrian state treaty until the ambassadors were agreed on all its details. Another condition is that time should be allowed for understandings to be reached. The Anglo-Russian entente of 1907 took eighteen months of patient negotiation; the Trieste agreement, finally reached last year, no less. Negotiation can be protracted beyond all reason, as in the classic case in the thirteenth century when the Sacred College of Cardinals deliberated for more than two years without arriving at the election of a Pope. The solution found there by the aroused faithful was to wall up the doors and windows of the Cardinals at Viterbo and to send in only bread and water until they reached agreement. But in diplomacy, the "now-or-never" attitude of demanding quick results often results in preventing any results at all.

Efficiency Experts

One of the gentlemen to arrive in Washington with the change of Administration was Donald B. Lourie, head of Quaker Oats. Mr. Lourie was appointed to the new Congressionally created position of Under Secretary for Administration of the

TO INTRODUCE YOU TO AN EXCITING MUSICAL EXPERIENCE, YOU'RE INVITED TO ACCEPT

10 ALL-TIME GREAT JAZZ CLASSICS $1.00

Not $1 each— but ALL TEN for $1!

Featuring such classics as "Jelly Roll Blues," "Honeysuckle Rose," "Basin St. Blues," etc.

COLEMAN HAWKINS — KING OF THE TENOR SAX
ART TATUM — GENIUS OF THE KEYBOARD
EDDIE CONDON — AND HIS DIXIELAND GUITAR
SIDNEY BECHET — NEW ORLEANS' GREATEST SOPRANO SAX
ERROLL GARNER — WORLD'S MOST POPULAR JAZZ PIANIST
DIZZY GILLESPIE — DAZZLING "BOP" TRUMPET
TEDDY WILSON — DEAN OF "SWING" PIANISTS
PEE WEE RUSSELL — THE CLARINET IN CHICAGO STYLE
JACK TEAGARDEN — MAN WHO PLAYS THE BLUE TROMBONE
CHARLIE PARKER — THE FABULOUS "BIRD" ON ALTO SAX
... AND DOZENS OF OTHER "GREATS"!

Long Playing

NO STRINGS ATTACHED! NO OBLIGATION!

A TREASURY OF JAZZ PERFORMANCES, COVERING EVERY JAZZ ERA!

YES, you get ALL TEN of these "all-time great" jazz masterpieces — not $1 each, but *all ten for $1.00!*

We make this amazing offer to show you the quality of these Jazztone Society recordings, obtainable nowhere else! Every jazz era, every jazz style, virtually the whole history of jazz can be traced in the wide range of these selections. But only by *hearing* these dazzling recorded performances can you appreciate their technical and artistic excellence, their wonderful high fidelity.

How the Jazztone Society Operates

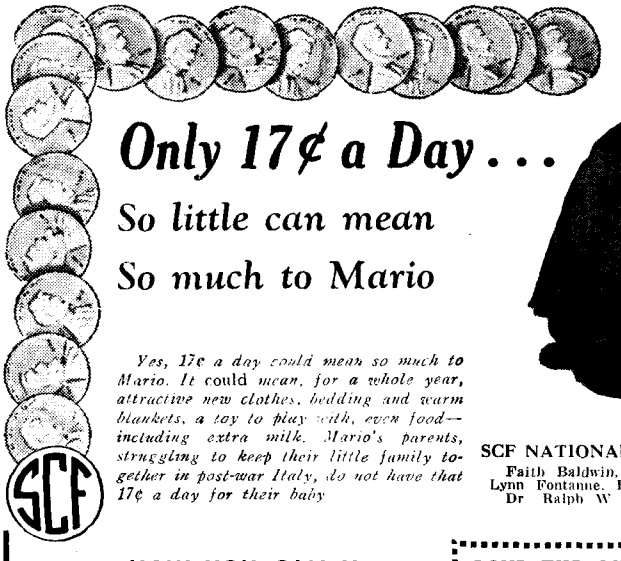
You are not obligated ever to buy another record from us. You do have the right to try — free of charge—any of the Society's monthly selections you wish. You receive prior notice of these and pay nothing in advance. Those you want are sent to you for FREE trial. After 5 days, the records you decide to keep are billed you at the special low Members Price of just $2.75, plus a few cents shipping and excise tax, for each 12-inch long-playing record (average playing time one full hour). *You save over 40% of the usual retail price!* Start your jazz library with these ten classics for only $1. Mail coupon with a dollar now while supply lasts! Money-back guarantee.

The Jazztone Society, Inc., Dept. RE-7
43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y.

Enclosed is $1 in full payment for the recordings of 10 jazz classics listed. Enroll me as a Trial Member. Privileges: No purchase obligation ever! Advance notice of releases. 5-day free trial on any discs. I may reject records before or after receipt; may cancel membership at any time. For future l.p. discs I keep, I'll pay only $2.75 each, plus shipping and excise tax . . . *saving 40% off usual retail price!*

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

FREE! Fascinating, comprehensive treatise on Jazz, by a leading authority.



Only 17¢ a Day . . .

So little can mean
So much to Mario

Yes, 17¢ a day could mean so much to Mario. It could mean, for a whole year, attractive new clothes, bedding and warm blankets, a toy to play with, even food—including extra milk. Mario's parents, struggling to keep their little family together in post-war Italy, do not have that 17¢ a day for their baby

SCF NATIONAL SPONSORS *(a partial list)*
Faith Baldwin, Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Lynn Fontanne, Herbert Hoover, Henry R. Luce, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, Thomas J. Watson

HOW YOU CAN HELP

You can help Mario or another needy baby through the Baby Sponsorship Plan of Save The Children Federation. For just $5 a month — $60 a year — you can have food and the essential clothing for the first year sent to a baby in Austria, Greece, Finland, France, Western Germany, Italy, or Korea. The Federation will do the shopping, packaging, and mailing for you. You will receive a photograph and full information about "your" baby. You may correspond with his family, so that your generous material aid will become part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship.

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Carnegie Endowment International Center
United Nations Plaza, New York 17, N. Y.

- I would like to sponsor a baby in ..... (country) for one year. I will pay $60.00 for one year (or $5 a month). Enclosed is payment for the full year ..... first month ..... Please send me the baby's name, story, and picture.
- I cannot sponsor a baby, but I want to help by giving $.....

Name .....
Address .....
City..... Zone.... State.....

Contributions to the Save the Children Federation are deductible from federal income tax. RE-7

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"An achievement of the highest order."
—N.Y. Herald Tribune Book Review

The Fifty-Minute Hour

by ROBERT LINDNER
Introduction by Max Lerner

A COLLECTION of true psychoanalytic tales—including the memorable *The Jet-Propelled Couch.*

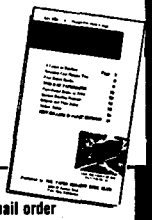
"*An absorbing book* . . . Five instructive new adventures in the upper Amazon of the disordered mind."
—*The New Yorker*

"While *these tales read like fiction* of the eeriest kind, they actually are case histories of the author, a widely known psychologist."
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*

"All the stories I thought *terrific,* but *The Jet-Propelled Couch* . . . is nothing less than a hair-raising classic."
—*Houston Press*

$3.50 at all booksellers
RINEHART & CO., N.Y. 16

ABSOLUTELY FREE!
SUMMER ISSUE
PAPER EDITIONS
The Magazine of the Best in Paperbound Books



Read how to obtain any of 4500 paperbound titles by mail order

THE PAPER EDITIONS BOOK CLUB 025
2233 El Camino Real • Palo Alto, California
Please send Free Summer Issue to:
Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____

The Best in Paperbound Books

25% Discount
ON ALL BOOKS
(10% on Texts and Technical Books)
*ANY BOOKS YOU CHOOSE
1) Deduct 25% from list.
2) Add 15¢ per book for postage.
3) Send check or money order.
N.Y.C. residents add 3% tax.
*Only obligation, you agree to buy at least 4 books during first year.
THRIFTY BOOK CLUB
206 West 15th Street
Dept. R, N.Y.C. 11, N.Y.
Phone CHelsea 3-6499
NO MEMBERSHIP FEE

Department of State. He promptly hired the firm of Robert Heller and Associates, management consultants of Cleveland, Ohio, to sweep out the State Department (a job they had previously done for Quaker Oats). The survey lasted from July, 1953, until May, 1954, and cost the government $230,150.

A subcommittee of the House Committee on Government Operations is now looking into the Heller contract. They have had the firm's representatives and Mr. Lourie (since returned to Quaker Oats) on the stand for some time. From beginning to end, the contract was his brain child, and he seems to have had no other responsibility in the department. "Mr. Lourie was devoting all his time on this work," testified a Heller representative.

Instead of waiting for the regular channels of Congressional appropriations, Mr. Lourie paid for the survey out of the department's "confidential funds." Although two surveys of the department had recently been concluded and two more were under way, Mr. Lourie ignored them all. "I had heard there were some other reports that had been made prior to 1953, but I had not read them. I did not know the facts about them," he told the committee.

Mr. Lourie came down to Washington for a one-year stint, a fact he communicated to the Secretary but not to the Heller people. Although he was their sole contact in the department, they did not know he was leaving until the day before his departure. And, apparently, he considered that he had no responsibility to see that the work continued. Some interesting facts came to light during an exchange between Lourie and Representative Henry S. Reuss (D., Wisconsin):

REUSS: Mr. Dulles then knew from the beginning that you did not expect to be here much more than a year?

LOURIE: He certainly did.

REUSS: And at the time you entered into the contract for the extension of the Heller contract, you anticipated that you would be gone before Heller finished his job, and you would not be able to put into effect the recommendations that he made?

LOURIE: That is right.

REUSS: And had you reason to believe that there was any chance that your successor was going to do these things with any fervor—stuff that you had initiated? Did you have any idea who was going to be your successor?

LOURIE: I did not. I had not the slightest idea.

And, in fact, there was no successor. The Heller people testified: "After Mr. Lourie left, we were in the position of not having a boss, and not having a boss, we could not perform." Three weeks later they wrote the Secretary of State suggesting that he terminate the contract—an invitation Mr. Dulles accepted.

The committee is now having a tough time finding out what happened to the report. Mr. Lourie remembers that the firm made more than twenty recommendations, of which "two or three" were adopted. Nobody was left at State to follow up, and Mr. Lourie's own interest promptly evaporated. He could not evaluate the report, he told the committee. "The only way I could answer that would be to see the recommendations, and I have not read the report."

Bigger Cloak, Sharper Daggers

Helpful headline, front-paged on the eve of the Geneva conference by the New York *World-Telegram and Sun* over its story of the Hoover Commission's recommendations for reorganization of the Central Intelligence Agency:

BOLD U.S. SPYING
ON SOVIET URGED

GENEVA

Meet me at the summit, dear,
High above the clouds,
Meet me where the gods consort
Far above the crowds.

Meet me at the summit, dear,
Fearfully to see
Whether in that godly court
Mortals can agree.

—SEC

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

(Having received an unusual number of letters commenting on the articles about the New Conservatism in our June 16 issue, we are happy to report that our readers seem to be pretty evenly divided between liberal conservatives and conservative liberals. In our next issue this space will be devoted to a symposium on the subject.)

MORE ON CENSORSHIP

To the Editor: I have been following the discussions about leaks in our security system in recent issues of *The Reporter* ("Intelligence on a Silver Platter" by Murray Green, May 19; and the Correspondence in the June 16 issue) with keen interest.

The article of Mr. Green and the letters of Mr. Wiggins, Mr. Green, and Dr. Ascoli all indirectly imply, but leave unsaid and unquestioned, what I believe to be a very important point in this matter of guarding our security: Which committee or persons is to decide what information must be withheld in the interests of national security?

Dr. Ascoli is disarmingly idealistic in speaking of an editor's function of editing. But what one editor might think can be told to the public another might think dangerous.

I don't think that Mr. Green's implication that a more responsible press is exactly the answer. This implies that the press should be more careful in looking after the government's military files, which is patent nonsense. The government alone is responsible for its files and what parts of them the public should see. And if the security program cannot be strictly limited and stringently enforced within the government, how can anyone honestly and realistically expect the rest of the society to take care of it?

FLOYD D. BARROWS
Los Angeles

To the Editor: Any clerk can list all the scientific reports, corporation accounts, and Congressional Records that might be of value to an enemy agent, but who is there who can evaluate the strength of a people accustomed to full information and lively curiosity?

The static, negative approach of Mr. Green's article on security seems out of keeping with the growing discovery that national security may depend more on our cultivation of the rare intelligence who is willing to risk temporary errors for the sake of permanent truths than on our insistence on safe mediocrities.

The facts are these:

¶ No information can be kept secret indefinitely.

¶ The major justification for wartime censorship is time: It is necessary to keep the secret only until the battle is launched, the convoy landed, or at most until the war is ended.

¶ Ignorance of technical and economic data is in the long run dangerous to our strength.

¶ The "cold war" is not war but the timeless struggle between right and wrong in which time is not the essential factor.

If we knew that a general war were to break out within a year, we would be justified in all-out censorship. But we know no such thing, only that restrictions on basic information will slowly degrade our technology and industry.

Mr. Green tells of the Nazi agent who estimated our aircraft production exactly. I think it is not impertinent to ask what satisfaction a defeated German got from this report, or to suggest further that the Nazi defeat was somehow related to our businessman's habit of publishing and knowing such vital information.

Secrecy is a drug. Judgment is a product of knowledge. In low places the drug of secrecy paralyzes the ability to act effectively on individual intiative. In high places this habit-forming drug tends to distort the picture of the real situation, leading to reliance on wishful guesses, then to major catastrophes.

ROBERT S. STURGIS
Weston, Massachusetts

To the Editor: Mr. Green in his "Intelligence on a Silver Platter" brings out an interesting and yet a double-headed principle which is as impossible to effectuate as it is easy to state.

One: The public is entitled to know everything that its employees, the armed forces, are doing, without concealment, distortion, or exaggeration. That is part of any employer's right, together with full information about the effectiveness with which his money is being spent.

Two: Nothing should ever be published which will provide an enemy, or potential enemy, through his agents with information which he can use to fight us more effectively.

In any case, informing the public to any degree about new military matters must violate security to some degree. Conversely, protecting security to any degree, in such matters, must violate public faith in some degree, even if only to the extent of not telling a man what is being done with his money. Thus every publicity release about these matters should be an occasion for a weighing of values and for a separate decision.

It is too bad the situation is further complicated by the need for a competition among the services for public funds. Conducting public relations under these circumstances so that neither security nor public faith is violated becomes a desirable but an impossible goal.

FRANK NOVAK
Lieutenant-Colonel, Infantry
Berlin

IT'S STILL A FINE MOVIE

To the Editor: "The Reporter's Notes" of June 16 contained a nice vignette about Moscow's appraisal of "Marty," an American movie which won the Grand Prize at the recent Cannes International Film Festival.

In these trying times you managed to read much into what *Pravda* had to say about the film. Unfortunately, you did not go to the source. The choice of the phrase "a rare notice" indicates that you were satisfied to use an AP dispatch for your "factual" material.

Reporting about the Soviet Union is not a simple matter. Too many of our "experts" become enamored with conjectures, to the detriment of factual analysis. *Pravda's* "rave notice" for "Marty" was neither "right-wing diversionism" nor "petty-bourgeois wrecking."

On May 31, 1955, the Soviet party newspaper discussed the Cannes Film Festival. Preceding the passage, chosen out of context in your little "think piece," is a paragraph which leads up to Moscow's views on American films. The gist of that paragraph is this: Hollywood has for a long time refused to take part in the Festival. It bore a grudge against the French organizers for the fact that during the preceding seven festivals not a single American film was awarded a "sufficiently honorable prize."

Then *Pravda* goes on to say that such an attitude was "groundless." "Marty" was able to win this year because "it truly depicts the life of simple folk in America." You and AP go along this far.

But read on: "Marty" is a distinguished film; its actors give "subtle psychological portrayals." Among them is "the young actress Betsy Blair (who in the past has been carried on McCarthy's lists because of her progressive views)." In Moscow's eyes this enhances the value of the film.

And the next paragraph really comes to grips with Moscow's intended propaganda message. Said *Pravda:* "'Marty' has been a winner because it, and other films shown at Cannes, portrayed the simple life; plain folk, their work, their everyday cares, and happiness.

"In one word, attention [by the Cannes judges] was paid to those films which called for human solidarity . . . which fights against war, and for progress and peace among people . . ."

In this way the "rave notice" becomes, first of all, an intentional perversion of the ideas and aims of our film makers. "Marty" was filmed because we felt that it would make a good movie. That's all; no "message" was intended, no ideological wars were to be won with it. But Moscow turned it into something else. *Pravda* wrote no "rave notice"; it made a calculated attempt to sell the Communist line at the expense of one of our films.

Even when reading *Pravda,* the old saying still goes: "All I know is what I read in the papers."

HANS HOLZAPFEL
Washington

(Sorry. From now on we promise to follow our own rule about checking back to original sources even if it means learning Russian.)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Meal Without Wine Is a Day Without Sun

Astor has thousands of bottles of sunshine — soul-satisfying French, German and Italian wines. Discover them for yourself . . . and discover, too, that Astor's prices on imported wines are probably the lowest in New York. Compare the quotations shown here—then phone or mail your order.

	Case	Bottle
ANJOU ROSE 1953 "Rochambeau" A charming "pink wine," which at this price, can be enjoyed with every meal, for it goes with every dish.	10.00	.89
ROSE "LA PAULINE" 1953 Estate Bottled, Domaine de la Castel From sunny Provence comes this fresh and fragrant "pink wine."	14.00	1.29
BEAUJOLAIS 1953 Pierre Nesme A youthful, vigorous reddish-purple vintage wine that is superb today.	11.25	1.00
CHATEAU D'ARCINS 1949 Haut Medoc Here's an excellent, well-knit, light-bodied Claret that could grace any table.	11.25	.97
NEUCHATEL 1950 Chateau Beauregard A subtle, dry white wine from Switzerland, made with traditional care and devotion. You'll love it.	12.50	1.09
POUILLY FUISSE 1953 Pierre Nesme This is everything a good Pouilly should be: clean, light, fruity and dry.	16.50	1.45
BERNCASTELER RIESLING 1950 C. J. Lieberz A dry, refreshing Moselle, admirable for punches as well as for table use.	12.50	1.09
SOAVE 1949 Verona, Italy Italy's finest contribution to the great dry white wines of the world. Pale gold-green, extra dry, smooth.	16.00	1.39
BARDOLINO 1949 Verona, Italy Rather pale red in color, light and delicate in body. Full Quart.	15.00	1.29
SAUTERNES 1952 "Rochambeau" A medium-sweet white wine of true Sauternes character.	16.00	1.39
CHATEAU LAVILLE HAUT-BRION 1952 Ranked as a First Growth of Graves, this is a well-rounded white wine, dry, and of excellent quality.	18.00	1.69
CHATEAU COUTET 1947 Barsac A First Growth Sauternes, of the fast-disappearing vintage of 1947, one of the greatest years in recent history.	26.95	2.39

We can ship only within New York State. If you live elsewhere, drop in and see us whenever you visit New York.

FREE! 120-page "Dictionary of Wines" containing nearly 1000 Wine Names, with explanations, vintages, etc. Sent upon request anywhere in New York State.

ASTOR PLACE
WINE & LIQUOR CO.
14 Astor Place • New York 3, N.Y.
Phone ORegon 4-7503-4

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

NEUTRALITY, this new name for the "peace drive," has become a very contagious idea. Therefore we need to take a close look at how it works, how it can be abused, and how it can be used to our advantage. **Max Ascoli's** editorial stresses this last prospect. But neutrality can also be made into a ludicrous farce almost entirely in the Communists' interest, and we had better know how and why this can happen.

An example in point is the Neutral Nations Supervisory Commission in Korea, where two honestly neutral nations are matched in the same "neutral" body by two unmistakable satellites of Soviet Russia. If war has not started again in Korea despite the build-up of Communist forces in the north, it is only because a new Communist attack in Korea would bring atomic retaliation—and the Communists know it. A firsthand account of the Commission's work—and frustration—in Korea is given by **Hans J. Briner,** who served it as a representative of one of the genuine neutrals, his native Switzerland. He is now on the staff of the *National-zeitung* in Basel.

The Russians are holding out unification as the bait to bring the German people into the neutral camp. In his article, **Richard A. Yahraes** reports that the Germans, no matter how they may decide about neutrality, are working with complete German thoroughness toward the unification of their country. Indeed, they are already planning that unification in the minutest detail, so that when their nation is once more reunited, the economic and social shock can be cushioned. In other words, German unification is no longer something vague and hoped-for but already a thing that has been thoroughly worked out in laws and projects of laws. Mr. Yahraes is a free-lance writer now living in Germany. He was formerly an information officer with the U.S. High Commission.

Tito can be considered a neutral in everything but name. He has succeeded in making himself independent of both East and West. His achievement of this remarkable result is certainly not due to any lack of Russian efforts to bring him back to their side. **Hamilton Fish Armstrong,** the editor of *Foreign Affairs,* writes the story of the recent Khrushchev-Bulganin pilgrimage to Belgrade with all the authority that is his. We are particularly happy to publish Mr. Armstrong's article, since it shows that foot-in-mouth disease can affect the Kremlin leaders too. Mr. Armstrong has closely followed Yugoslav affairs ever since the war. He is the author of *Tito and Goliath* and *Calculated Risk.*

Lin Root, science writer whose "Britain Makes Headway with Atomic Power" appeared in our issue of June 30, tells us the causes of the ordeal that our nation's fathers and mothers have been going through ever since the historic Ann Arbor announcement of Dr. Salk's discovery was made on April 12.

In Canada, the inoculation of children with the same Salk vaccine proceeded in an entirely different way. The difference was one of system: In Canada those responsible for the nation's health proved to have both the powers that the emergency required and the willingness to use them. **Robert Crichton** is a New York free-lance writer who has just returned from a several weeks' stay in Canada where he talked with government health authorities.

Don Cook, who works out of the Paris office of the New York *Herald Tribune,* shows that the British are as expert at getting out of a country as they were, in their days of empire, at getting in.

William Harlan Hale, a regular contributor to *The Reporter,* has drawn an imaginary portrait of a harassed American diplomat.

"WHAT'S Wrong with Gold?" is **Robert Ardrey's** fourth African story for *The Reporter.*

After telling us about Wall Street, the versatile **Martin Mayer** now writes about grand opera.

Our cover, an impression of Berlin, is by **Marvin Mitchneck.**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor*
Harlan Cleveland, *Publisher*

Senior Editor, Philip Horton • *Managing Editor*, Al Newman
Associate Editor, Gouverneur Paulding
Assistant Managing Editor, Robert Bingham
Washington Editor, Douglass Cater • *Art Editor*, Reg Massie
Staff Writers: Claire Sterling, Marya Mannes, Charles Clift
Assistant to the Managing Editor, Louisa Dalcher • *Librarian*, Ruth Ames

Circulation Manager, George Hinckley • *Advertising Manager*, William Reardon
Director of Promotion, Shirley Katzander • *Production Manager*, Ann Hollyday Sharp

VOLUME 13, NO. 1 **JULY 14, 1955**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2

The Course of Neutrality

OFF TO A GOOD START—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 8
THE STRANGE NEUTRALS OF PANMUNJOM . . . . . *Hans J. Briner* 9
GERMANY: THE DRIVE FOR REUNIFICATION . . . . . *Richard A. Yahraes* 12
WHY THE SOVIET WOOS THAT 'MONGREL' TITO . *Hamilton Fish Armstrong* 15

At Home & Abroad

THE POLIO GAMBLE . . . . . *Lin Root* 20
HOW CANADA HANDLED THE SALK VACCINE . . . . . *Robert Crichton* 28
THE PASSPORT DECISION . . . . . *Eric Sevareid* 32
THE SUDAN AS THE BRITISH LEAVE . . . . . *Don Cook* 33
THE HOUR OF DESTINY STRIKES FOR AMBASSADOR STUFFLEBEAM . . . . . *William Harlan Hale* 37

Views & Reviews

WHAT'S WRONG WITH GOLD? MR. MARBLY KNOWS . . . . *Robert Ardrey* 40
THREE WHO CAME BACK—ROSSINI, DONIZETTI, BELLINI . . *Martin Mayer* 43
'THANK YOU, MISS DANE' . . . . . *Marya Mannes* 45
FRANCE'S REVOLT AGAINST HISTORY . . . . . *Gouverneur Paulding* 46
BOOK NOTES 48

Editorial and Business Offices:
136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

How long has it been since you visited your Library?

If you haven't been recently, you owe it to yourself – and to your community – to pay a visit. For your Library offers you the world's greatest bargain in free education and entertainment.

A Library is built around books, of course; books for reading pleasure, books for self-improvement, books for hobbies and how-to-do-it books, books for children, books for reference, little books and Great Books.

But the Library has more than books to offer. It has records to listen to and borrow, magazines and newspapers to read, great works of art to study, special talks and other programs for children and adults to attend, and even, in some Libraries, TV sets and movies.

These are the tangible things the Library has. Greater than these, however, are the intangible ones. A Library is a storehouse of ideas, a repository of all that is best in our country and our civilization.

The Library is the true arsenal of democracy, where are kept the weapons of the mind and spirit without which no war, hot or cold, can be finally won.

As a reader you should know your Library and use it. And as a citizen you should help it to improve and increase its services to your community.

A Library card represents the greatest of all the free book offers. Do not fail to take advantage of it.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

This column is offered by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. as a tribute to the American Library Association which this month is holding its annual meeting in Philadelphia. It is our hope that all who care about books will take an active interest in their own Libraries. Many of the Library books you read you will want to own. You will find your own bookseller ready and willing to supply these for you.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Off to a Good Start

THINGS WENT WELL at San Francisco—well for our country and well for the West. The American leaders who spoke there, from the President to Mr. Dulles to Harry Truman, set forth their ideas with unrhetorical forcefulness and refreshing avoidance of clichés. Every possible cliché of Communist speechmaking, on the contrary, was to be found in Molotov's address—minus the Vishinsky-style insults and blares. Our leaders spoke like men whose authority lies in the confidence of a much broader constituency than that of their countrymen.

"In international affairs," Secretary Dulles said, "as in domestic affairs, the sharing of power is the best safeguard against its abuse. Power which is shared among a group of independent, sovereign nations cannot be used effectively unless the participating countries are in accord. Such accord would be totally unattainable except for the purpose of genuine defense."

No better definition of our coalition's aims could be made, and none more reassuring to its members. The very nature of our alliance makes it inconceivable that it could ever be used for aggression. In their San Francisco gathering the Allied Foreign Ministers decided on a number of policies they will carry through in the coming round of international conferences—including the fostering of mutual-security pacts and reciprocal limitation of armaments between the western and the eastern NATOS.

By and large, our press saw nothing particularly remarkable in Secretary Dulles's performance, and his speech was interpreted as a series of automatic rebuttals of Molotov's assertions. This strange form of intellectual laziness—the tendency to think that the very best our leaders can do is checkmate the Russians — prevented the most dyed-in-the-wool pro-Administration press from acknowledging the fact that the Administration got off to a good start at San Francisco. This acknowledgment *The Reporter*—which has had few, if any, occasions to praise Secretary Dulles's statesmanship — is happy to make.

THE ADMINISTRATION'S new approach toward bilateral collective security, if consistently followed through, will dispose once and for all of the latest and most dangerous Communist fraud: neutrality. As invariably happens whenever they adopt an idea—be it peace, neutrality, or collective security—the Communists make it into a snare. In the case of neutrality, they have made it a particularly seductive snare, for there are too many nations desperately anxious to escape being overrun in a conflict between East and West and eager to establish their equidistance from both.

Equidistance, since the end of the war, has been one of the most constantly recurrent fads in Europe and Asia, with a good many nations volunteering to act as a "bridge" between East and West. Not even what happened to Czechoslovakia, the most advertised bridge in the first years after the war, has quite succeeded in dispelling the illusions of many countries, each of which seeks a special exemption from doom.

The Communist-sponsored brand of neutrality is bestowed from the outside, with little or no inner strength to make it respected. This kind of neutrality has a great deal in common with some well-known middle-of-the-road positions in national politics: It is at the mercy of the two extremes, and the one that is the more aggressive dominates.

But there is also the neutrality, in everything but name, of the Yugoslav type. It is constantly active, constantly on the move, and it manages to hold both major antagonists at a distance. It is determined to resist aggression or interference from outside, and although deploring blocs of power, does not hesitate to accept assistance from the one that is most unlikely to aggress or interfere. Equidistance had sunk to a low ebb until the time not long ago when that very clever and very lucky man Tito made it respectable.

Yugoslavia has provided an effective answer to the Kremlin's demands for neutrality, yet it is by no means the only one. Germany is the ground where this latest Communist trick can be disposed of for good: For a neutral Germany, united or divided, would represent an equal threat to the world, no matter whether armed or disarmed. But once united Germany has become an integral part of our alliance, the level of its rearmament can be made an object of international negotiations with the eastern bloc.

EXTRAORDINARY times are ahead of us. There is a fluid quality in all things political—particularly in the diplomacy of nations. Our leaders are right in telling us not to expect miracles, yet it is proper that they themselves work toward certain specific miracles. If they continue to follow a wise course, this truly defensive grand alliance of ours can be made so resilient and articulate that the entrance of Germany into its ranks can serve to scale down, rather than increase, the general level of armaments. Then nations seeking exemption from war will realize that the security the grand alliance provides is the first, necessary condition for collective security and peace.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Strange Neutrals Of Panmunjom

HANS J. BRINER

RECENTLY I returned to my native Switzerland after a year and a half on the other side of the world in Korea. I had gone out to Panmunjom to serve my government on that all but forgotten organization created by the Korean armistice, the Neutral Nations Supervisory Commission. I had set out hopefully, eager to help in ensuring peace in that area, but came back realizing how many errors can be committed in the name of neutrality.

To carry out the terms of the armistice agreement reached at Panmunjom in July, 1953, a Commission made up of representatives of four neutral powers was set up to supervise "rotation and replacement of personnel, combat aircraft, armored vehicles, weapons and ammunition," and to prevent any subsequent increase of military strength on either side.

The term "neutral," however, was never defined; in the armistice agreement it was taken simply to mean "nonbelligerent." The hollowness of this assumption was shown up right at the start, when the North Korean side attempted to have that notorious nonbelligerent, the Soviet Union, included on the Commission. In Korea I saw the practical application of what different countries and ideologies interpreted as "neutrality" —a case history in guileful stratagems on one side and loose or wishful thinking on the other.

'Neutrals' vs. 'Nonbelligerents'

Today a strong South Korean Army faces a strong North Korean Army across the armistice boundary. Despite the presence of the Commission, the North Koreans have MIGs they did not have when the fighting stopped, and have become bold enough to provoke incidents with American Sabrejets. President Syngman Rhee's Government in Seoul, in turn, clamors louder than ever that it is going to do something rash. But the Commission's reports contain no conclusive evidence that either side has violated the armistice agreement. Nor do they show clearly that any one of the four supervising neutrals has failed in his task—although they do give many clues as to what went wrong.

This situation developed because the Commission never worked as it was supposed to work; it never was what the authors of the agreement said they wanted it to be. The U.N.'s position in peace talks had been weakened by General Eisenhower's implied campaign promises of a quick settlement. So the two sides agreed on terms that either were not defined or that could be intentionally misinterpreted. From then on, it was left to the interested parties either to act according to the spirit of the agreement or to use every weakness of the letter to frustrate it.

FOR ITS SIDE, the U.N. nominated Sweden and Switzerland as neutral members, hoping that they would tackle the problem of post-armistice control without prejudice. The Communists chose two satellites, Czechoslovakia and Poland, which had been nonbelligerents but which could be trusted to hew to the Communist line.

The U.N. command saw this contrast, but made no effort to avoid the deadlock it would unavoidably produce. In the case of the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission, a solution was found by adding a fifth power, and that body was able to complete its job of exchanging Korean War prisoners. Why the same was not done for the Supervisory Commission remains a mystery. True, there was the risk that a fifth neutral—India or another—might be accused of partiality by the North or the South Koreans and this might have endangered the very existence of the Commission. But even this result would have been preferable to the present two-year deadlock doomed to go on hopelessly for nobody knows how long.

Furthermore, no limit was set for the duration of the armistice or of the commission to supervise it. It is difficult to conceive how anyone could enter upon a contract, even with people he trusted, without a time limit. No international trade agreement involving even a few million dollars is concluded without such a termination clause. But here a Commission was called in to supervise an operation that involved billions of dollars and countless human lives as well—without any such limitation.

Sweden and Switzerland have been blamed for accepting such terms. Recalling the situation at the time, however, one may ask how much more they would have been blamed, if they had refused to serve on the Commission and thus prolonged the fighting for even a single day.

SO THE representatives came to Panmunjom in the summer of 1953. The Swedes and Swiss flew in by Military Air Transport through the United States and Japan, the Czechs and Poles over Siberia. They met in the demilitarized zone at the 38th parallel, near a group of largely destroyed Korean villages on a bleak plain pockmarked by old trenches,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sagging machine-gun emplacements, and rusty barbed wire.

Broiling in summer and bitter cold in winter, Panmunjom has a few weeks of fair weather in the fall. Then lush vegetation springs up from nowhere, countless flights of wild geese cross the sky, and cranes wade in abandoned rice paddies, hunting frogs and toads.

When I arrived with the first group of "neutral watchdogs," we found only some gray tents dating from the days of the first parleys. But on the other side of the demarcation line, a wooden building that was to become famous as the "Peace Pagoda" had been erected practically overnight by the North Koreans, who hoped to make it the Commission's meeting hall.

Although two years have passed, the countryside is still dotted with tents, Quonset huts, and, north of the demarcation line, comfortable buildings. The Communists knew that the mission would be on hand for a long time; in fact, that was the way they planned it. The Polish and Czech delegates were placed north of the parallel in prefabricated houses that were remodeled and then replaced until they have now become permanent quarters, complete with central heating, all provided by the Korean People's Army and the Chinese People's Volunteers.

Meanwhile, the Swiss and Swedes moved into army tents, which were winterized late in 1953. They are still living in them. Early this year, a Swiss officer on leave from Panmunjom ran into an American engineer in Tokyo. The American asked about Korea. "For crying out loud—are you still in those tents?" he exclaimed. "I helped build them for you. But we thought the whole thing would be over in a matter of months!"

South of the line, the Swedes and Swiss live under exactly the same conditions as U.N. troops in the area, and, so far as I know, they are content. But north of the line, the snug European-style villages of the Poles and Czechs stand out in contrast to the diminutive unheated and unwinterized tents of the Korean People's Army, shivering in quilted coats.

In the south, Commission members travel in Flying Boxcars and other troop transport planes. In the north, they go in either a V.I.P plane with red plush seats or a special train with a Korean officer seeing to it that they get a free supply of beer, chocolate, canned chicken, and other luxuries the average North Korean never sees.

THE TWO BRANDS of neutrals come together once or twice a week in a meeting hall astride the demarcation line. Early in their sessions, a proposal was made to record these meetings on tape, but the Poles and Czechs vetoed this, arguing that it would involve the risk of having words uttered in the pursuit of peace misused for propaganda purposes. The atmosphere of mistrust has never lifted.

In the field, ten teams are charged with watching over any violations of the armistice at Korean ports of entry—five in the north, five in the south. But proposals for action must be accepted by a Commission majority to be passed. In the early period, with the approval of the Swiss and Swedes, who were anxious to do a thorough job, earnest patrol activity was carried on in the south. Although this took place at a time when the U.N. had its highest total manpower in Korea and when rotation figures were immense, nothing amounting to a violation was discovered. It took some months for the Swiss and Swedes to realize that while the Poles and Czechs were intensifying their controls in the south, they were exploiting the two-to-two deadlock so as to keep inspections in the north to a minimum.

The armistice agreement had foreseen that in addition to patrol at the ports of entry, mobile teams would be needed to inspect the territory outside the ports. But again, agreement in Panmunjom was required before such a team could be sent out in response to a report. When the question of sending a mobile team to North Korea to look into a question of illegally imported MIGs was first raised, the Czechs and Poles opposed it, in evident cooperation with the North Korean command. Then the opposing U.N. commander retaliated by preventing the Commission from seeing documents that had previously been available. This meant that the body now saw less than formerly in the south—and as little as ever in the north. When the Swiss and Swedes, who had agreed to observation of the large-scale military rotation and exodus in the south, asked why there was so little comparable movement to be seen through the ports of the north, the Poles and Czechs replied blandly that Communist countries were working for peace and thus did not need any military traffic.

The Line-up

It took the Swedes and Swiss some time to realize that the men they were facing in their Commission were well-trained agents who while in Korea went through regular tests and quizzes to keep abreast of world news, Communist style.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Swiss had first come into the Commission with a regular officer as chief delegate—General Friedrich Rihner, retired chief of the Swiss Air Force. The Swedes were cleverer and sent civilian envoys with temporary military rank—first Minister Sven Grafstroem, an accomplished diplomat, and later General Paul Mohn, who brought to the job a wealth of experience amassed on the U.N.'s Palestine Commission and a fluent knowledge of half a dozen languages. Mohn was the outstanding personality facing Poland's General Wagrowski and Czechoslovakia's General Frantisek Bures—the men who initiated the deadlock system. A mysterious Colonel Stary, a Czech who, it was whispered, had once had a more Russian-sounding name, moved through the background in shadowy fashion.

Facing their counterparts, General Rihner and his Swiss successors, all honest soldiers, did their best, which proved to be not good enough. The last military man Switzerland sent out, General Ernest Gross, liked to compare the atmosphere of Panmunjom with his university fencing in Germany before the First World War. Although he developed aggressivess in Korea as time went on, he once admitted: "How naïve I was when I first came here. But now I know better."

When, after many an unhappy experience, the peace-minded Swedes and Swiss had become so angered that they began getting tough—and effective—the time had also come for them to return to their jobs at home.

North of the line matters were different. Czechs and Poles stayed as long as their Governments told them to stay. General Leszek Krziemien of Poland, a barrel-chested former athlete who could radiate great charm but relied chiefly on his devastating sarcasm, was such a man. He was the brain and the voice of the Communists in 1954-1955. In the fall of 1954 he said that he hoped to go home "soon." Late in March, 1955, he was still there. It is not hard to guess why. For at that time, after General Gross's departure, Switzerland sent out a diplomat, Minister Alfred Escher, who had been Swiss envoy to Teheran during the great Anglo-Iranian oil dispute. A stocky man with a strikingly powerful face under a shock of white hair, he became the outstanding personality on the Swiss-Swedish side. General Krziemien's change of plans became known soon after he had observed his new Swiss counterpart very closely for a few weeks.

In one heated discussion, Krziemien went out of his way to be friendly with Escher and resorted to flattery: "I personally would be glad to see reappear on the face of my distinguished Swiss colleague this smile which is admired not only by our ladies."

The Poles and Czechs, unlike the Swedes and Swiss, had women on their staff, and a few of them were pretty. On one occasion a Polish delegate found his secretary in the company of a Swedish delegate in a compromising position. She was never heard of again. Something similar seems to have happened to another girl who made some plans to elope with a Swede. She failed to show up at the rendezvous near the message center and also was never heard of again.

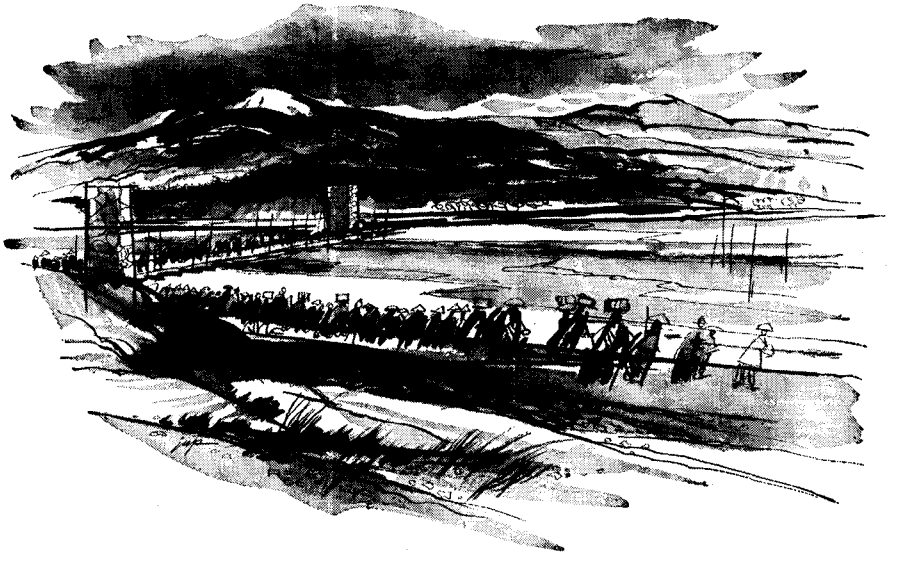


Table Manners

Most of the Czechs and Poles were young—too young for their rank, it often seemed—but eager and devoted. They stressed their proletarian allegiance even in their table manners. It seemed to be *de rigueur* for Poles and Czechs in Korea to sit slouched forward with their elbows supporting the full weight of their torso and to reach down for the food with their faces. It became a sport among the Swiss during meals together to involve one of them, obviously a man of some education, in a learned discussion. While talking he would frequently proceed to forget his "democratic" manners, bring his elbows gradually closer, and end the meal in an upright position, eating quite normally.

Although Communist antics offered some diversion to western Commission members, these could not obscure the underlying fact that the organization had become a farce. Once the Communists had effectively blocked its controls in the north, leading the Swiss and Swedes to try in turn to right the balance by limiting its controls in the south, there was nothing left to do but let each side proceed on its own—and trust the other to behave.

For myself and my Swiss colleagues at Panmunjom, the crucial moral question soon came down to this: Should we be completely neutral and lean neither to one side nor the other, regardless of what the sum total of the Commission's work came to? Or should we see to it that the Commission worked in a way that we, in good conscience, could call fair and neutral? To a Swiss, neutrality is a deeply rooted, considered attitude, not an opportunistic policy to turn to in an emergency. It means being independent and thinking independently, refraining from hate and giving friendship cautiously. It also means being at peace with one's conscience. Some people may find it hard to understand how Switzerland

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can remain neutral when its friends are in trouble. But neither does it join the pack when those it doesn't particularly like are beaten and everybody jumps in to share the spoils. Neutrality is the same in good times and bad, with all the self-restraint it involves.

In Korea, the Swiss attitude created some difficulty for the U.N. side. The Swiss don't like, as the saying goes, to have others "spit in their soup." The Swedes have a roughly parallel attitude. This meant that the U.N. actually had only two very independent friends on the Commission as against two fully engaged representatives of the other side.

It would have been much more advantageous, from the standpoint of the U.N., if two militant spokesmen of its own position in the Korean fighting had been found among the nonbelligerent nations and named as counterweights to the Poles and Czechs. This was a role that Sweden and Switzerland, because of their political attitudes, were hardly qualified to play.

Furthermore, Poland and Czechoslovakia—quite apart from their present role as Communist satellites—have had no experience at all with neutrality in their history. The attempt to find a common denominator between their views—especially now that they are not free countries any more—and those held by neutrals of long standing was doomed to failure from the start.

Germany: The Drive For Reunification

RICHARD A. YAHRAES

IN THEIR orderly way, many dedicated Germans are preparing a kind of revolution. They intend to put Germany back together again. Their first objective is the reunification of Soviet-controlled East Germany with the Bonn Republic. Their second objective is to regain for Germany the districts east of the Oder and Neisse Rivers which the Potsdam decision put under the provisional administration of Poland.

For some years after the war, Allied public-opinion polls showed West German political attention to be centered chiefly on "obtaining equality with other nations" or "restoring German sovereignty." But this spring, as the Paris treaties were approaching ratification, a poll revealed a big change. To the question "What is the most important task now ahead of the Federal German Government?" somewhat over fifty per cent of those interviewed replied: "Reunification." When ratification of the Paris treaties gave the Federal German Republic its sovereignty and the duty of forming an army on the side of the West, Chancellor Adenauer, consistent advocate of "integration with the West first, reunification afterward," felt called upon to strike a new note. "Reunification with our countrymen of the Soviet Zone," he said, "now becomes our foremost goal."

The question now is: What price will the Germans be willing to pay? What will they demand, first of their government and then of the western Allies, in order to achieve the reunification they increasingly want?

The Königsteiner Kreis

For years a host of organizations—private, governmental, and in between—have been working on the reunification question, some quietly preparing to meet the problems the new nation would face, others trying to keep the cause alive and growing.

At the top has been the Ministry of All-German Affairs, a department of the Bonn Government established in 1949. Its head is Jakob Kaiser, who helped found the Christian Democratic Party in the Soviet Zone and then, when it was suppressed there, fled to West Germany. This Ministry provides financial and moral support to many groups working toward reunification and tries to coordinate their efforts.

One of the most influential of these is the "Königsteiner Kreis." In 1950 a group of lawyers, economists, and jobless government officials who had crossed the interzonal border met in the hillside resort of Königstein and prepared a plan for all-German voting, the principles of which have been accepted by the West German Bundestag. It envisages the dropping of interzonal barriers at least three months before election day, legal protection in both West and East Germany for party candidates, and supervision of the secrecy and freedom of balloting by the four occupying powers, aided, perhaps, by representatives of neutral nations. A party would be obliged to win at least five per cent of the total vote in order to seat a delegate in an all-German Assembly. This requirement, already tested in Bonn since 1949, has freed the West German Bundestag of splinter parties and, since the 1953 election, of Communists.

One provision of the Königsteiners' blueprint would return the overcrowded Rhineland capital to its quiet status as the birthplace of Beethoven: "The all-German assembly . . . shall sit in Berlin." Siegfried Witte, their director, minimizes fears sometimes expressed in Bonn that absorption of the Soviet Zone would undermine democracy. He maintains that "Sovietized" Germans have had so much dictatorship since 1933 that "they will be more conscious of civil liberties than most

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

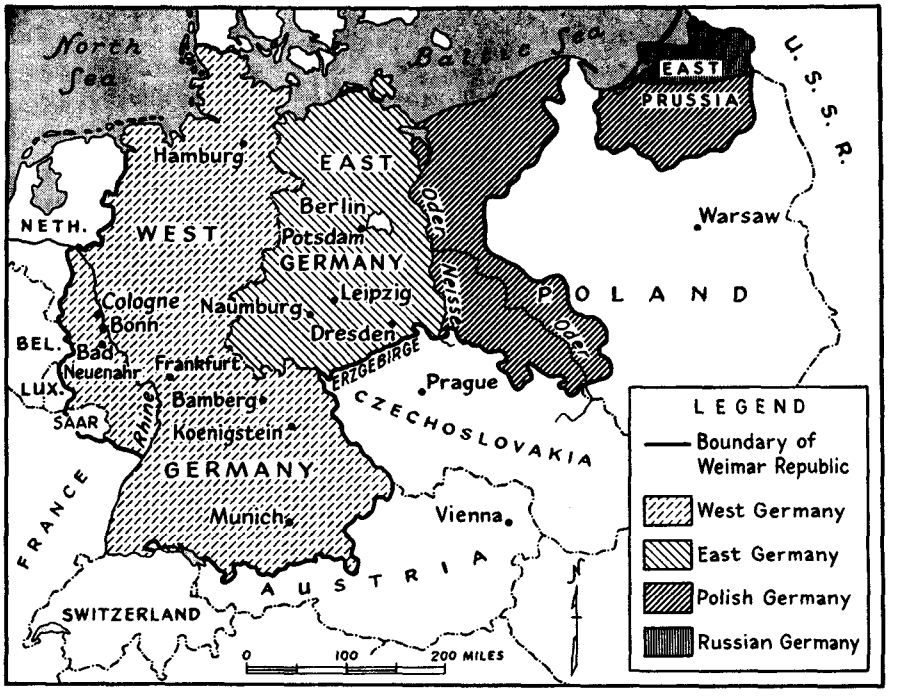
West Germans." Many in his group of nonpartisan experts even question a general assumption that reunification might bring a Socialist landslide. It is also the considered opinion of the Königsteiners that few Communist candidates would be likely to win even the minimum required five per cent of the vote in any all-German elections.

THE KÖNIGSTEINERS and other groups also pioneered in economic planning for reunification, but this got so complicated that in March, 1952, the Ministry of All-German Affairs organized an Advisory Research Council sitting in Berlin but collecting its pay directly from Bonn. The Council has working groups in every nonpolitical field—agriculture, traffic, finance, industry, and other areas regarded as relevant to the economic reunification of a country divided for a decade.

Its committees, manned in large part by qualified experts-in-exile from the East, talk with representatives of West German political parties, the farmers' union, industry, and labor as well as other exiles. It supplies appropriate Bonn Ministries with analyses of problems sure to confront Germany on the day that West and East may be reunited. Their working groups follow two general aims: to cushion the "poorhouse" of the East from further hardship following reunification and to rid the area of its current rigid planned economy as soon as possible.

Money is a big problem. The mark of the Soviet Zone has been fluctuating at four or five to one Bonn mark. Germans of the West remember their own scrabble for existence in the first weeks after the western Allies called in ten old Reichsmarks for one new Deutsche mark. The Council cautions that impoverished East Germans would not be able to stand so drastic a currency shakedown without loans or subsidies to tide them over.

A second major problem would be what to do about property — from farmers' fields to city busses—when a semi-collectivized Soviet Zone of forty-one thousand square miles merged with the ninety-five thousand square miles of the Bonn Republic, where private enterprise has been booming along. The formula recommended here is the reinstitution of private property, but with delays and qualifications wherever necessary to avoid breakdown of supply or slowdown in production—"public unrest."



Map by Starworth

Fragmented Germany

It is clear to the economic advisers, for example, that the ponderous Soviet Zone chain of monopoly stores would have to go. On the other hand, if an East German had built up a whole business to make shoes for those stores, he would have to be protected against bankruptcy.

Small farmers who have benefited by working the land of broken-up estates in most cases would continue to own their plots, but the former landholders would be compensated by the state. Large collective farms would go, but not so fast as to endanger a harvest. Such Communist impedimenta as collective tractor stations might remain to grace the new free-enterprise rural landscape, provided that farmers' organizations voted to keep them.

Contracts among individuals and state monopolies would spin a tangled web of commercial litigation, and the Council envisages the arbitration of thousands of disputes in new commercial courts. Other East-West difficulties after reunification would be mainly a matter of finding large amounts of money. For example, the Soviet Zone authorities are said to have concentrated on road and waterway links with the satellite nations to the neglect of interzonal German routes, which would need immediate repairs.

Operation Bootstrap

Where would the money come from to pay for putting Germany together again? Economic experts prefer stressing the point that in due time it would be repaid out of the Soviet Zone "poorhouse" itself. They point out that East German excise taxes on consumer goods are triple the entire West German income tax. Lifting such burdens would release immense new buying power. Meanwhile, the rush of capital to produce lines of goods long abandoned or never known behind the Iron Curtain would create extra jobs and bring in more tax money.

For such complex studies as the Königsteiners have had to make in the field of politics and the Advisory Research Council in its realm, volumes of up-to-date facts and statistics from the Soviet Zone are continually needed. Fact-loving groups of Germans fill the need. Some of them are exiles, others academicians who have devoted careers to the area.

In addition to the groups of planners there are fraternal organizations of refugees. Of the thirteen million refugees and expellees in the Federal Republic, two million are East Zone

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Germans and the rest are from the "lost" territories and eastern Europe. Landsmannschaften have the official task of keeping neighborliness and memories of home alive among them.

The head of the Soviet Zone Landsmannschaft, Dr. Walther von Keudell, echoes a suspicion common among these exiles that the West would like to put German reunification on ice. He recalls a British parliamentarian who asked him this spring: "But are you Germans not willing to continue the split in your country for the sake of world peace?" To that von Keudell replied, "Precisely for the sake of world peace, we are *not* willing to continue the split in Germany."

The German Federation of Trade Unions maintains an "Ostbüro," and has been a consistent and vocal advocate of reunification. But up until 1954 the principal emotional stimulus for the matter was provided by the churches. Eighty per cent of the East Germans are Protestant, and the Evangelical Church in particular backs reunification. Bishop Otto Dibelius, hailed this year at seventy-five as the grand old man of a reunited Fatherland, lives in divided Berlin and preaches constantly on both sides of the zonal border. And Pastor Martin Niemoeller has said: "Give the Russians fifteen more years, and we won't have to worry any more about a peaceful reunification—the people in the Soviet Zone won't be Germans any more."

Lately a resigned note has sometimes crept into Niemoeller's sermons on the prospects of reunification, but his superior, Dibelius, has set the line for the church: "The real crusade is just beginning. The Germans are never stronger than when a great emotion unites the whole people."

'Germany Indivisible'

By 1954, with a plethora of private and semi-official groups working on reunification and with a delegation of Soviet Zone politicians announcing that they had their own "Committee for German Unity" ready to negotiate with Bonn, All-German Affairs Minister Kaiser decided it was high time for the Federal Republic to have its own official reunification movement. The affable President of the Republic, Theodor Heuss, liked the idea. In June, some of the biggest names in West Germany—statesmen who rarely see eye to eye—met at Bad Neuenahr and agreed on the urgency of a mass effort for a united nation. "Germany Indivisible—the People's Movement for Reunification" was established.

One of the founders of the movement said, "The failure of the four powers at Berlin to do anything about reunification showed that it was up to us Germans to act." Another, noting the impending breakdown of the European Defense Community, added, "We decided if there wasn't going to be a Europe, at least we should have a Germany."

After electing the respected Paul Loebe, president of the Reichstag in Weimar Republic days, as chairman of the board, "Germany Indivisible" called in as other directors a significant assortment of men: Jakob Kaiser; Erich Ollenhauer, chief of the Opposition Social Democrats, who had been saying all along that playing too close to the West would never reunite Germany; Waldemar Kraft of the All-German Bloc, a leading nationalist of the Right and like Kaiser also in the Bonn Cabinet; Walter Freitag, chief of the German Federation of Trade Unions; Thomas Dehler, chairman of the Free Democrats; the Christian Democrats' Heinrich von Brentano, destined to become Chancellor Adenauer's Foreign Minister; and Hermann Josef Abs, the influential banker often called to unheralded meetings at the Chancellery.

In its first year, the organization made little news. But then Jakob Kaiser hired a small team of professionals to staff Germany Indivisible. Their task was to make the organization what its name had anticipated, a "people's movement." Meanwhile the organization qualified as a "public cause" and tax-free contributions began to come in—first from the well-filled coffers of Germany's disciplined unions, and in June of this year an unannounced sum from big business. This summer it is backing open-air rallies, scheduled for dates very close to the four-power meeting "at the summit." The theme: reunification and recovery of the "lost lands."

"At first," said one of the its officials, "not everyone wanted to help us. But we learned how to put the finger on them. A word to a local branch that this Bundestag representative or that county official seems to be cool toward the idea of reuniting the country and—well, it hardly ever has to go that far. As good Germans, they can't very well refuse. We grow."

As the movement grows, so does its self-assurance. It has "invited" government Ministries, the post office, and the national railways to buy and display its handbills. They do. It asked the Chancellor to speak at a rally, and he did. This summer a series of posters will be circulated, each showing some landmark of East Germany—the Naumburg sculpture or the Dresden Frauenkirche—montaged over a landmark of West Germany such as the Bamberg Norseman or the Dom at Cologne. To make sure everyone gets the point, placards will carry the caption: "Germany Is Indivisible."

The program of the organization is first to remind Germans of the East that they have not been forgotten; to say that "Reunification Day" is near; to make West Germans feel that life is morally unbearable so long as a curtain separates them from their countrymen; to convince the occupying powers that there can be no peace in Europe until Germany is united.

'Like Molten Steel'

One of the most energetic figures connected with Germany Indivisible is a dark, intense man of about forty. He is Wilhelm Wolfgang Schuetz, personal adviser to Kaiser. Schuetz broadcasts on Saturday nights.

"Germany's will," he says in terms reminiscent of other voices, other years, "is the will of the Germans. . . . Twenty million Germans on the other side of the Curtain are counting the days and hours until we act. What shall we do about these lost countrymen? We shall bring the German question to white heat. When it is glowing like molten steel, all Europe will take up our cause." Schuetz figures that about one more year will be required to do that.

Since it appears unlikely, to say the least, that the Russians would agree to let all Germany join NATO, Adenauer himself thinks the way to

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

get the nation united is by means of a general European security system, with an East-West agreement on world disarmament as a prerequisite. He and his spokesmen say that Germany will never accept neutrality as the price for reunification.

But the Austrian settlement, based as it is on Austrian neutrality, greatly increased political nervousness around Bonn. Men within each party came forward with new plans. Nearly all would modify NATO strategy in some degree, and in different degrees all looked eastward.

Concern is apparent among Allied authorities. An American officer with contacts in the U.S. Army's Advance Planning Group recently evaluated it this way: "If the Germans really start calling for reunification, neither Adenauer nor Dulles is going to persuade them otherwise. And if anything like the Austrian solution is used as a model for Germany, there go the twelve German divisions for NATO, the rest of this German business, and maybe all our German bases, too."

Adenauer has told his countrymen, "Germany is not Austria." "However," a Bonn official on Adenauer's side commented privately, "that works both ways. Austria never had been split up the way we are. Any time it likes, Moscow can offer us more than it offered Vienna.

"Suppose Moscow tells us, 'All right,' you want free elections and reunification. We are ready to grant both. Germany is yours.' What do we answer? Even if the price is high, it may be hard to resist."

THE Social Democrats have spelled out their program for a reunited Germany, with a German Army allied neither to East nor West. Germany could maintain its membership in the European Coal and Steel Community and the European Payments Union, but in the long run there would be no need for foreign bases in Germany because the territorial integrity of the new nation would be "mutually guaranteed by the powers on both sides." The plan, of course, leaves unanswered the old argument that withdrawal of Allied military bases from Germany would leave Russian divisions poised just beyond its eastern border with no counterforce in the heart of Europe.

Why the Soviet Woos That 'Mongrel' Tito

HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

SOON after Tito's break with Moscow in 1948, I spent an evening in Belgrade discussing with two members of his Administration whether there was such a thing as social progress outside the framework of conscious Marxist planning. They had been shocked out of their doctrinal rut by the anathema pronounced against their party by Marshal Stalin and they were looking at the landscape about them, domestic and foreign, with new eyes; but they were still too shaken, too cautious, to believe most of what they were seeing for the first time.

We talked first about progressive measures that had been adopted in the United States, from the graduated income tax under Wilson to old-age pensions and unemployment insurance under F.D.R. The Yugoslavs had only the vaguest idea of how American life had changed under the New Freedom and the New Deal; they thought of it still as it is pictured in Communist textbooks—bloated capitalists, wage slaves, giant trusts, stinking slums, lynchings, dollar diplomacy, and controlled Central American revolutions.

Seeking a concrete example of how Americans could meet a particular economic and social challenge, I hit on TVA. This was an original and typically American concept, I said, developed quite spontaneously to fit a particular situation and executed with happy disregard for precedent. As its architects had not been stimulated (or handicapped) by ideological preconceptions, TVA would not fit into any pattern of orthodox socialist development. If socialists thought well of it, must they not admit the existence of various paths to social well-being?

By three in the morning they were willing to say that there might sometimes have been too great rigidity in the interpretation of Communist concepts and that not all Communist theorists were fully informed of developments under other systems.

Today, seven years later, what was halfheartedly admitted as a possibility has become the core of the official Yugoslav position; and the First Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party, with the Soviet Premier in meek attendance, has journeyed from Moscow to Belgrade to endorse it. What was thundered against as Yugoslav heresy in 1948 is suddenly orthodox in 1955.

Behind Tito's 'Apostasy'

Tito's break with Stalin and the Cominform leaders in 1948 was essentially the culmination of a struggle for physical power. Ideological questions were asked and ideological retorts given in the famous correspondence between Moscow and Belgrade, but the substantive issue was whether the Yugoslav government and party could act independently of the Soviet government and party. Moscow was determined to dominate, Belgrade was determined not to be dominated. How successfully Stalin established his dominance over all the satellites except Yugoslavia was revealed in the Cominform journal on December 5, 1948, only five months after Tito was expelled from the Cominform. No terrified satellite leader protested when the journal said: "The attitude toward the Soviet Union is now the test of the devotion to the cause of proletarian internationalism."

Around the hard core of personal, party, and national conflict there of course clustered doctrinal differences, and each side proceeded to capitalize on them as would best serve its propaganda interests at any given moment. Moscow laid main stress on discipline and the single path to socialism, Belgrade on freedom to adapt socialism to the needs of different peoples in different stages of development.

Soviet propaganda developed its

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

attack on the Yugoslav Communists for their lack of devotion to the class struggle (they had accepted the "degenerate and opportunistic" idea that a socialist system can absorb capitalist elements by peaceful means); for revising Marxist-Leninist teaching about the leadership of the Communist Party by "dissolving" the party in the so-called "People's Front"; for ignoring the maxim that the workers and not the peasants are the progressive and revolutionary class; for adopting a "sectarian-bureaucratic" method of organization apt to turn the party over to "Trotskyite military leadership" and make Yugoslavia "a colony of the imperialist countries"; and so on.

But the main Soviet attack was on Tito himself as a nationalist, and this had the result of improving his standing inside Yugoslavia as a national leader. Even anti-Communists who had suffered at the hands of Tito's police were pleased to see him standing up to the central enemy in Moscow. And in the satellite countries the reaction was envy.

Propaganda and Trials

Moscow then decided that it had to go a step further. In February, 1949, the magazine *Slavyanye* summarized the new line of attack: "The Tito group has now finally moved into the camp of the imperialists, and has become a tool in the hands of the imperialist circles of the U.S.A. and England, which are struggling against the mighty democratic group and its guiding force—the Soviet Union." On May 15 the Cominform journal cartooned Tito as a mongrel dog sitting up on its hind legs to catch dollars dropped by Uncle Sam. Radio Moscow on August 30 called him a "malicious deserter" and his associates "mad Fascists." And in November the Cominform journal reported a Cominform resolution under this title: "The Yugoslav Communist Party in the Power of Murderers and Spies!"

To underpin these accusations, leading Communists were put on trial in all the satellite capitals. In Budapest, Laszlo Rajk, former Minister of Foreign Affairs, was tried in September, 1949, for having plotted with Tito to overthrow the Communist régime in Hungary. He was condemned and hanged. That same year the Deputy Premier of Bulgaria, Traicho Kostov, onetime Secretary General of the Bulgarian Communist Party, was arrested, accused of "entering into secret criminal connections with the Yugoslav leaders." On December 16 he was hanged. Purges of important Communist officials took place also in Tirana, Prague, Warsaw, and Bucharest.

The propaganda campaign and the rigged trials were supported by direct action against Yugoslavia. Its Communist neighbors blockaded the nation economically, massed troops on its frontiers, and staged almost daily raids. To these provocations Tito reiterated that what he had sought in the early stages of the conflict was still his goal—full independence. Yugoslavia no longer belonged to the Soviet bloc, he said, but neither did it belong to the western bloc. It hoped for peace, but was arming for defense and would resist attack.

Where Stalin Stumbled

Stalin's blunders in his dealings with Tito were partly due to his ignorance of what nationalism really means in eastern Europe; partly to the especially favorable geographic position that enabled Yugoslavia to resist physical pressure; partly to the well-remembered and disillusioning experiences of the Yugoslav Partisans with promises of Soviet aid that never came during the war; and partly to the common-sense western attitude toward the Belgrade government following the break in 1948. For not only was Stalin entirely mistaken about how Tito would behave; he also was mistaken in his estimate of how the western powers would react.

The United States, for example, did not ask that Tito become an ally in return for the political support which it gave him. It did not ask that he grant American businessmen and bankers privileges in return for the food, economic assistance, and loans that enabled the Yugoslav economy to survive the Cominform blockade. It did not stipulate future military co-operation as the price for American weapons and military supplies and for training Yugoslav officers to use them.

Nor did we press Yugoslavia to join NATO. We knew that Tito's demand for independence had been what had brought him into mortal conflict with Stalin, and we did not ask him to accept a relationship to-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ward the West that he had been unwilling to accept toward the Communist world.

Sometimes the United States has seemed to demand that every country in the world choose sides in the cold war. The fact that Tito openly held to his Communist tenets, claiming that they were in the true Marxist-Leninist tradition, warned us not to ask anything from him incompatible with those tenets. We based our attitude instead on the reasonable assumption that since the United States does not have aggressive aims, and since we think the Soviet Union does, any country that has a plain stake in peace and against aggression will find itself on the right side in a crisis, with or without previous commitments to that effect. By this reckoning, our political and military interests would be served if, when a showdown came in Europe, Yugoslavia were strong enough to defend itself from attack. Far from looking toward the creation of a neutralized vacuum, our policy would in this sense be preparing a position of strength. Meanwhile, even though Yugoslavia's thirty-odd divisions were not added to our camp they were detached from the Soviet camp.

When the Korean crisis came in June, 1950, the Yugoslav delegate at the United Nations did not act in accordance with his government's position of strict nonalignment with either the Soviet or the western bloc; instead, he voted against the U.N. resolution calling for the use of armed force to repel the North Korean aggression. After receiving direct instructions from Belgrade, however, he refrained from taking sides on the subsequent resolutions. By September the Yugoslav position had hardened to such an extent that Foreign Minister Kardelj issued a statement condemning the North Korean aggression and saying that all the clamor of the Soviet Union and its allies "will not hide their responsibility for Korea and its threat to world peace." Kardelj followed this up by introducing a U.N. resolution designed to pin responsibility more clearly on an aggressor. As I wrote at the time, this evolution did not signify that Tito had come into our camp, but it did lay a clear basis for common action between Yugoslavia and nations resisting aggression and defending the cause of peace.

Freed to indulge in independent speculation and stimulated to rethink the stereotypes of Moscow in their new contacts with the non-Communist world, the Yugoslav leaders found many ways to transform Stalinist doctrine.

Limited Freedoms

They intensified the claim that there are many roads to socialization. When they saw "Titoist nationalists" purged in the satellite capitals they became prouder than ever of their own success and surer that in nationalism they had a weapon that would win. When Soviet propaganda blared out that accepting western aid demonstrated their "enslavement" to western capitalists, they retorted by comparing these unrestricted gifts and loans with the so-called "joint stock companies" which had been the Soviet device for shackling satellite industry and diverting the product and profits to Soviet benefit.

They were also slowing up the collectivization of Yugoslav agriculture and in the end all but abandoned it. They introduced in the Yugoslav factories something that was forbidden and denounced in the Soviet Union, worker-management. The state remained monolithic and the Communist hierarchy remained in power, but many functions of the government were decentralized to provincial organs and economic organizations, and many matters that had been handled administratively were turned over to the courts for settlement by legal processes.

Yugoslav newspapers began gradually to print a wider and wider selection of the uncolored news of the world without undermining the government or the party. A limited form of debate, including criticism of government projects, began to be tolerated in the Assembly. Foreign visitors were encouraged to come for business or pleasure. Nobody outside the country would have asserted that Yugoslavia had become a democracy, though the strange phrase "a one-party democracy" figured often in Yugoslav political talk. But neither was it the country it had been while it was a Soviet satellite, nor was it what the men in the Kremlin would order it to become again if ever they got the chance.

Yugoslav officers meanwhile were sent to the United States to learn to use the newest weapons, to fly the newest airplanes, and operate radar. This emphasis on learning from abroad was something novel for Communists. In the Soviet Union, where the rule is that every invention throughout history is always credited to a Russian, there is, of course, a monopoly of skill and wisdom. The Yugoslavs took pleasure in poking fun at such claims. By a strange anomaly, the McCarran Act limited us in admitting Yugoslav professors, doctors, and students to study American history, science, business, medicine, or literature. But on the Yugoslav side the Iron Curtain was lifted. And Tito did not fall. On the contrary, he strengthened his position.

Tito steadily won increased prestige abroad, too, as the head of an independent and militarily influential state. He was invited on an official visit to London in the spring of 1953 and afterwards to Athens and Ankara for the signing of a treaty of military aid and collaboration among Yugoslavia, Greece, and Turkey. This treaty did not bring Yugoslavia into NATO, but since the other two signatories are members of NATO it did give him some of the advantages of that association, at one remove, without laying on him corollary obligations. He could still say that Yugoslavia did not belong to either of the two great rival camps. This independent middle position was much praised during his later journeys to India and Burma.

The failure of the Soviet political and economic offensive against Tito was particularly significant because of the simultaneous failure of the Soviet attack on his heterodoxy. In combination these two failures had an implication that the Kremlin strategists had not foreseen. Henceforth if ever they wanted to end the conflict they would have to accept not only the political claims of the Yugoslav government but also the doctrinal claims of the Yugoslav party. Acceptance of the fact that Soviet force had failed would hence-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forth involve acceptance of the Soviet philosophical failure as well.

The Russian Recantation

Stepping from his plane in Belgrade, Khrushchev without visible embarrassment read a prepared statement expressing extreme regret for what had happened in 1948. The materials on which the serious accusations against Tito and his associates had been based at that time, he said, were now found to have been "fabricated by the enemies of the people, detestable agents of imperialism who by deceptive methods pushed their way into the ranks of our party." He named these guilty persons as Beria and some lesser fry executed in 1953 and 1954.

If Khrushchev's theory were to be believed, the entire Soviet government and the whole international Communist movement from Stalin and Molotov down had been hoodwinked by a small group of Soviet officials regarding the essential nature of the Yugoslav Communist Party and the character of its leadership.

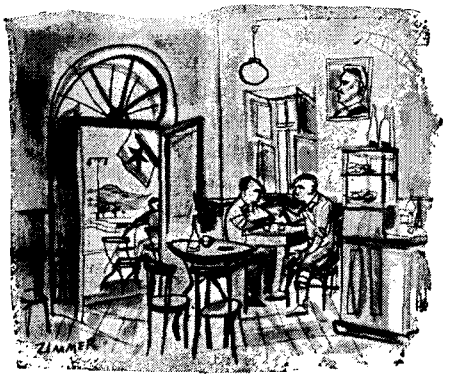
Reporters said that Tito listened to this explanation by Khrushchev without smiling—a measure of his self-control.

The Stakes

Some very important project must have been in view—some very great prize to be won or some very great danger to be avoided—to persuade Moscow to humble itself and send its two leading personalities to Belgrade to make such an extraordinary statement.

What might the stakes be? They were grandiose, and as the plan to win them was presented for discussion in the Presidium in Moscow it must have sounded plausible. It was no less than to bring Yugoslavia squarely back into the Soviet fold, destroying Titoism in the satellite states once for all, and ending any hopes Communists there might have of some day regaining national independence. (Even Peking might find a lesson in the Tito story.) If this could be done dramatically enough, American reproaches and recriminations would burst over Tito's head. He would be alienated from the West permanently and strong support would be given to the principal theme now being stressed by the Soviets in neutral countries and among "liberals" of western Europe—that the United States is touchy and unreasonable, rejects coexistence, and thus is the responsible party in the cold war.

Both events would promote what Moscow means by "neutralism." Yugoslavia would be detached from its neutral position between East and West and put back in its proper place in "the camp of democracy and peace." The United States would be further isolated. Neutralist elements in key western countries would be predisposed toward the formation of



"popular-front" Governments based on the co-operation of Communists. Specifically in Germany, the country in which Russians are interested above all others, where their fears amount to a phobia, a Social Democratic Government supported either tacitly or openly by the Communists would be a vehicle for reunification of the country on terms acceptable to Moscow.

The Pure in Heart

The first essential was to make sure that Tito would not reject the offer of reconciliation. It must seem so spontaneous, so heartfelt, so generous, so sweeping, that even if in his heart he feared it and wanted to reject it he would not be able to do so. The leitmotif of Khrushchev's behavior in Belgrade, his bonhomie and the humility with which he tendered Tito his apologies, was sounded when he said in advance that he was going there "with an open soul and a pure heart."

The second essential was that the reconciliation should be not partial but inclusive, in particular that it should not be only political as between the two governments, but should affirm the fundamental Communist beliefs uniting the two parties and their leaders. This was important for two reasons.

Once Tito had come to an ideological agreement with the Kremlin, even if on the basis of his interpretation of doctrine rather than the interpretation formerly promulgated by the Kremlin, he would be cemented again into a subordinate hierarchic place. With Communists abroad and in the satellite countries, as well as among Tito's own party in Yugoslavia, the important thing would not be that the 1948 interpretation of Marxist-Leninist teachings was admitted to be wrong, as had happened with so many interpretations in the thirty-eight years since the Bolshevik Revolution, but that once again Tito was bound to the main nexus of Communist truth.

Further, the effect of the reconciliation would be more disturbing in western capitals, especially in Washington, if the Soviet and Yugoslav leaders met and agreed as heads of their respective Communist Parties rather than merely as heads of state. Nehru or Adenauer can visit Moscow without being considered to have sold out to the Russians. The Soviet visit must have more, then, than governmental or commercial significance; it must dramatize Tito's return to the Cominform, thereby not merely exposing him to increasing pressures from pro-Soviet elements still existing in his own party but provoking raucous and unreasonable western complaints and angry retorts.

It was the First Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party, therefore, who stepped down first from the airplane, advanced to shake the hand of "dear Comrade Tito," and read a prepared statement into the waiting microphone. Behind him trailed the Premier of the Soviet Union, Marshal Bulganin. Who was who and what was what could not have been made clearer.

The trap thus opened before Tito's feet was a deadly one—if he had fallen into it.

Tito's Dodge

For the trap to be sprung successfully, two things had to happen. Tito had to step forward trustingly onto the layer of green political and economic twigs spread over the ideo-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

logical pit. And when he plunged into it the American public must shout "Double cross!," the U.S. government must threaten him with retaliation, and finally the U.S. Congress must cut off military and economic aid.

"You see," the Soviet radio would then announce, and the Communist press everywhere would repeat, "we only wanted to diminish tensions, to live and let live. All we did was apologize to the Yugoslavs for our past mistakes and offer them our friendship. But friendship with the West and with us too is not allowable in the code of the American imperialists. The price of American help is political and military subservience. The Americans know no such thing as equality in their relations with other nations. Those who are not with them are against them." The warning not to look for equality or independence in relations with the United States would echo effectively through the satellite areas and Communist China, and through India, Japan, Germany, and many other lands where American motives are mistrusted by large segments of the population.

But Tito failed to step into the trap. The U.S. reaction to the speeches of the Soviet visitors and to press accounts of their progress across Yugoslavia was generally restrained. Khrushchev had no recourse but to say that nothing more than a preliminary discussion was ever intended. Everything had gone according to plan. These are the phrases that a commander always uses when he has experienced a defeat; the failure of a brilliant advance is always a strategic retreat.

It was worse, of course, than that. The Soviet losses are in proportion to the size of the expected gains. Tito won a political victory and is further strengthened both at home and abroad. But his success in the realm of doctrine is even more important. In receiving Khrushchev's admission that what had been Communist heresy one day was no longer heresy the next, and in accepting apologies on that basis without renewing the fraternal bonds of Communist fellowship, Tito has won a point that makes it hard for pro-Soviet critics within his own party to undermine him. It confirms him as the successful prototype of what all the satellite nationalist leaders would like to be and may in the end considerably alter the relationships between all Communist states.

We should not forget that one of the reasons why the men in the Kremlin came to mistrust Tito originally was his growing influence among other satellite leaders and the fear that he intended to play an independent role in partnership with them. This came out in the trials of some of those leaders for treason, most plainly, perhaps, as a charge against Kostov, Deputy Premier of Bulgaria. The indictment stated that he had entered into "secret criminal connections with Yugoslav leaders" to end Bulgaria's independence "by joining her to Yugoslavia." The plot was alleged to have been instigated by Kardelj, now a Yugoslav Vice-President, in 1944 and developed by Kostov in talks with Aleksander Rankovitch, now also a Yugoslav Vice-President, in 1946. The Yugoslav-Bulgar union was to be merely a

first step in a project of Tito's for organizing "a great comity of southeastern European countries."

The theme recurred in the Rajk trial in 1948. The Communist Foreign Minister of Hungary was alleged to have plotted with Kardelj, Rankovitch, and other members of the Yugoslav Politburo to develop their states along bourgeois lines and eventually to join them with others in a Balkan federation independent of Moscow. Similar charges were made during the purges of "bestial, alien, and opportunistic" Titoist elements in Romania. There is plenty in the record, then, to show that nationalism and a desire for independence and federation free from Soviet control are endemic in eastern Europe and that Tito was suspected of hankering to exploit it.

He is in a better position to do so now that Moscow has admitted the right of Communist states to vary their paths to socialism and hence their relationship to the Soviet Union and to each other at different stages in their social development. It was this that Tito demanded and Stalin and Molotov refused in 1948. Seven years of abuse, threats, economic blockade, and military pressure have ended with the lame excuse that it was all a mistake. It is conceded that there are different paths and different tempos; there may even be different goals.

When Khrushchev arrived in Belgrade he stressed that he came in the name of both the government and the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. Indeed, he devoted a third of his prepared speech to the need of establishing conditions of mutual confidence between the Soviet and the Yugoslav parties. The final statement of the negotiators on June 2 makes no mention of any such rapprochement. And although it was Khrushchev who had led the way through all the conferences and receptions, it was not he but Premier Bulganin who sat down beside President Tito under the bright lights to sign that final statement—a statement of the two governments.

At only one place did the statement suggest other than strictly government action. This was a sentence underlining the importance of furthering "co-operation among the social organizations of the two countries." As all social organizations in Communist states are in a sense subsidiaries of the Communist Party, this forecasts exchanges of visits between trade-union representatives, youth and women's groups, delegations of journalists, etc., which might lead to fairly intimate party ties.

Such a possibility is more important than the things in the June 2 statement that were picked out for criticism in Washington. Certain Congressmen and Senators took exception in particular to the declaration that Communist China is entitled to admission to the United Nations. For the Yugoslavs, this was

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no more than reiteration of a long-established view. They have always contended that everything possible should be done to encourage nationalist feeling and independent action among the Communist Chinese leaders and that one way of doing this was to give them a voice of their own in the United Nations. The idea is shared by many of our allies, Britain for example, and most of us do not take it as evidence that they are pro-Soviet.

The references to Germany were very general. Specifically, the Russian goal of neutralization was not mentioned. The Yugoslavs do not think of neutrality as practicable for important states, themselves included; they stress a positive rather than a passive role and call it "active coexistence."

On the seven-year record, Tito's policy of nonalignment has proved so successful and profitable for him that it is hard to imagine him altering it of his own accord. As for our policy of helping him maintain his independence, it also has been profitable and right. We must be watchful for any signs of change in his obligations—or rather, his lack of obligations—to either camp, but we have no reason to feel that a change has occurred.

What Tito Won't Do

The behavior of governments is not certainly predictable. So many friends and enemies have changed sides since 1939 that one hesitates, looking ahead, to talk in terms of lasting friendship or permanent antagonism. It is Tito's personal experience, however, that he can have relations with the free world without committing himself beyond what his own interests and those of his régime dictate. He learned the opposite in his experience in the Soviet camp; in 1948 he risked all in his break for freedom from that camp, including the certainty of death if he failed. Unless the United States were to change its policy and leave him no alternative, he has no reason to accept more than normal trade or political relations with the Soviet bloc. Certainly he will not be attracted by the idea of putting himself again in the hands of the men whose noose he once escaped.

At Home & Abroad

The Polio Gamble

LIN ROOT

Poliomyelitis has been discussed in medical literature since ancient times. The name stems from the Greek words *polio* ("gray") and *myelos* ("marrow"), to indicate an inflammation of the gray matter of the spine. Since it has sometimes involved paralysis and the outbreaks were largely confined to young children, it was commonly called "infantile paralysis."

But paralysis is the accident of polio—the uncommon manifestation of a common disease. Indeed, four out of five of us have had polio without knowing it and developed natural immunity. When one considers that the polio virus enters through the nose or mouth and leaves by way of the stools, it is easy to understand how the disease can be widely transmitted. Usually the symptoms are no worse than those of a mild cold.

In very rare cases, the virus attacks nerve cells, destroying them and short-circuiting the muscles dependent upon them, causing them to wither in paralysis. If the virus travels upward toward the brain, it produces bulbar polio, paralyzing the respiratory and attendant muscles; if it remains in the spinal cord, the limbs become paralyzed. No one knows why the virus occasionally turns crippler, but we do know that this happens most often in countries where sanitary standards are high. In lands where sanitary standards are low, there is very little paralytic polio, probably because of a high degree of natural immunity.

In the United States, paralytic polio has struck twenty people out of a hundred thousand in an average year recently—a 1-to-5,000 chance. In 1953, there were 35,968 cases. Actually, its incidence is quite low in comparison with afflictions such as cancer, heart disease, and tuberculosis. Until recently polio was not considered a major public-health problem.

But statistics become insignificant when one thinks of the individuals: the little girl down the street locked into a steel brace; or the young man one read about in the newspapers who was fighting for life in an iron lung. Above all, the image of President Franklin D. Roosevelt dramatized the disease to every American.

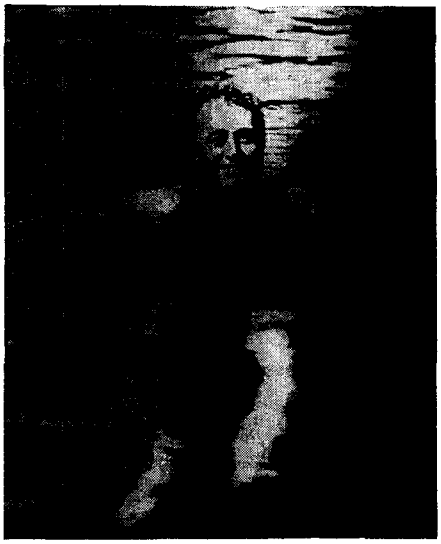
The Fight Begins

Almost all that has been accomplished in the care and treatment of patients and almost all that has been discovered about the scientific basis of the disease is the work of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

The Foundation was started in 1938 by President Roosevelt, following a suggestion by the medical writer Paul de Kruif. Roosevelt's former law partner, Basil O'Connor, took over the administrative and fund-raising functions, while Mr. de Kruif, formerly a bacteriologist at the University of Michigan, became secretary of the General Advisory Committee in charge of scientific developments.

Before the Foundation was established, there was no organized assistance for polio victims. But when O'Connor, who was devoted to Roosevelt, threw himself into the fight, it became a great cause. He drew the battle lines from coast to coast, picked the best people in all departments for his staff, and set about making every American a volunteer in his army.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



F.D.R. in Warm Springs pool . . .

He was determined, resourceful, and dedicated. As a highly successful lawyer, he was accustomed to making his case and pushing it through. The structural strength of the organization has been largely due to his own personal qualities.

The Medication Front

There was little scientific knowledge of the disease in 1938, but there was a wide awareness of its tragic character. The President was a gallant, inspiring symbol of the triumphant human spirit, and the public responded with warmth and generosity to support the Foundation. Contributions since 1938 have amounted to more than $300 million. About eighty million people contributed to the March of Dimes last year.

By 1939, the first local chapter was formed in Coshocton, Ohio. Chapters were to multiply until they covered every county in the United States and numbered more than three thousand. During the last seventeen years, local chapters have spent more than $200 million on people paralyzed with polio, paying doctors' bills, providing iron lungs, wheel chairs, braces, and hospital care. For an iron lung the average cost is two thousand dollars, and service costs for some respiratory cases range as high as fourteen thousand dollars for a single year. So it was that though the March of Dimes brought in more millions every year, expenses grew even faster, and the pressure to dramatize the need and intensify the public response kept pace.

The Research Front

Through the years, scientific investigation was supported and encouraged, but the results of research remained isolated bits that could not support the weight of solid hope. Polio virus had not been found in the blood of a crippled victim. Presumably it traveled a direct route along nerve fibers, destroying them as it produced paralysis.

It could be grown only on certain animal nerve tissue. If such diseased tissue is injected into the human body, it inflames the brain and spinal cord, causing encephalomyelitis, a far more general hazard than paralytic polio.

In 1941, differences in policy developed within the Foundation. They were resolved by the departure of Mr. de Kruif and a number of distinguished scientists, including Dr. Robert R. Williams, discoverer of thiamine (vitamin B-1), Dr. Charles Glen King, now Director of the Nutrition Foundation, and Dr. T. Douglas Spies, Professor of Nutrition at Northwestern Medical School. All resigned without making public statements.

In 1949, Dr. John F. Enders and Dr. Thomas H. Weller, both of Harvard and the Children's Medical Center in Boston, and Dr. Frederick Robbins of Western Reserve University, made a formidable advance. They discovered the way to grow the virus on non-nervous tissues in test tubes. Dr. Enders and his two associates shared a Nobel Prize in 1954 for this discovery. Now that polio virus could be grown in quantity on tissues that were safe to work with, the way leading to a vaccine was opened up. Also in the late 1940's, another major problem was tackled by the Foundation. There were a bewildering number of different strains of polio virus. It seemed that every time a researcher isolated a strain from a polio victim, it turned out to have slightly different characteristics from the others.

THE VIRUS LABORATORIES of four universities were enlisted in the attack on this puzzle. By 1951 a hundred strains from all over the world had been tested. It was found that they fell into three basic types. The cost of this vital information was more than a million dollars and three years of intensive research by an army of dedicated and mostly anonymous scientists.

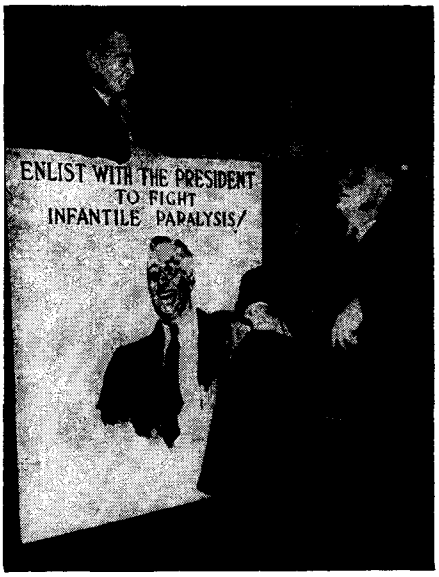
Of the three types, Type I was by far the most dangerous, causing about eighty per cent of all paralytic polio. But any vaccine would obviously have to work against all three, because each type gives rise to its own antibodies, which will not protect against infection by either of the other two.

Gamma Globulin

These findings had opened rich possibilities. Virologists all over the country applied for grants to follow one of the many problems that now seemed capable of solution. From 1949 onward, the pieces were no longer isolated but fitted together in a fairly orderly pattern of cumulative progress.

It still was not definitely known whether antibodies in the blood could protect against the virus, since it was thought to live its whole life in nerve tissue. Gamma globulin, the blood fraction that performed an important function during wartime, had been found to contain a high concentration of antibodies. It was hoped that polio antibodies were among them. If so, its injection into the blood would show whether antibodies, passively introduced, would provide any immunity against the polio virus.

This was only a chance, but by now there was intense eagerness for



. . . and with illustrator Flagg

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tests on human beings. The long-prayed-for vaccine lay somewhere ahead.

Within the Foundation as well as outside in commercial laboratories, two schools of thought on vaccine had already developed: the attenuated live-virus vaccine against the dead- or inactivated-virus vaccine. And no one yet knew whether vaccine introduced into the blood would protect by providing antibodies. But mass inoculations with gamma globulin might give some immediate temporary protection even though it could not stimulate natural antibody production.

HUMAN FIELD TRIALS were set up during polio seasons in 1951 and 1952. A total of fifty-four thousand children were given doses of gamma globulin.

The early results were encouraging. Contracts were made with pharmaceutical houses for big production of gamma globulin in 1953. The Foundation had planned to spend $5.5 million but was so elated that it raised the figure to $11 million, part of which was to be spent on equipment for separating the gamma globulin fraction from blood. This sizable sum was to be spent through June 30, 1954. The public responded to the dramatic idea of large-scale inoculations by increasing its contributions from $38 million in 1951 to $45 million in 1952, and to $56 million in 1953.

A million doses were distributed, but since there were 46 million youngsters between one and nineteen, the demand far exceeded the supply. The summer of 1953 saw several noisy and excited demonstrations by mothers clamoring to have their children inoculated. In September, 1953, a committee of polio experts appointed by the World Health Organization, including Dr. Thomas Francis, Jr., Professor of Epidemiology at the University of Michigan, condemned the widespread indiscriminate administration of gamma globulin. This position was supported later by Professor Pierre Lepine of the Pasteur Institute, who declared that gamma globulin applied on a mass basis against poliomyelitis was a wasteful method.

A summing up of the experiment was made by a committee of seventeen polio experts who met in closed sessions at the Public Health Service's communicable-disease center in Atlanta in January, 1954. They concluded that gamma globulin had failed to produce demonstratively beneficial results. Even the mild claims that had been set forth for gamma globulin were put in doubt by the committee. Interestingly enough, its members included an author of the project, Dr. William McDowell Hammond of the University of Pittsburgh. About 185,000 children in twenty-three areas had been inoculated.

Although the results were disappointing, they added another bit to the scientific knowledge of the disease: Antibodies as given would provide a few weeks' protection if you could catch the children before the onset of the disease. That knowledge cost the Foundation about $18 million in all.

Horstmann and Bodian

Even before the gamma globulin results were announced, answers to the virus antibody question were found

The Foundation poster of 1950

by two investigators working independently on Foundation grants. Dr. Dorothy M. Horstmann of Yale and Dr. David Bodian of Johns Hopkins found the virus circulating in the blood before polio damage was evident. The clue had been given by Dr. Enders's findings that virus could grow on tissue that was not nerve tissue.

Reasoning from this, Drs. Horstmann and Bodian fed virus to monkeys and began to sample the blood almost immediately. Soon the virus showed up in the blood, although the animals seemed perfectly well. This stage corresponded to the no-worse-than-a-mild-cold stage of polio infection in the human being. At this time there were no antibodies in the blood. After a short period, the paralytic symptoms made their appearance. At this stage, the virus disappeared from the blood and in its place came the antibodies. Apparently the antibodies destroyed the virus in the blood, but by this time some of the virus had traveled to the nerve tissue, where the antibodies had a hard time getting at them. Since the onset of the disease was unmarked by symptoms, it was obviously impossible to know when to administer gamma globulin, which at best had a short-term immunization effect.

At last the whole picture of paralytic polio fell into a classic immunization or vaccine pattern. If the blood could be stimulated to manufacture antibodies right at the start, any virus could be destroyed before reaching the central nervous system. This also explained the widespread protection under primitive living conditions, where from the very outset babies were exposed to viruses and their blood produced antibodies to combat them. In more sanitary countries there was less exposure, and many years might pass before a person came into in contact with the virus. The incidence of paralytic polio is rising among young adults: The older one gets, the harder the disease seems to strike.

BY THIS time the Foundation was determined to go all out for a vaccine as soon as possible. Basil O'Connor had given years of his life to the work. He was identified with the suffering and the hope of polio victims. All his efforts were now bent on finding an effective vaccine while he still headed the organization.

With certain changes, the Foundation's committee on types of virus now became a committee on immunization—to study the possibilities of

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

finding a polio vaccine. One of its members, Dr. Howard A. Howe, Adjunct Professor of Epidemiology at the Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health, had already developed a vaccine against all three types of virus by June, 1951. The vaccine was the result of extensive studies over a period of nearly ten years on monkeys and chimpanzees. Dr. Howe had inactivated live virus with formalin and tested it on six Baltimore children with "favorable results." However, he felt that extensive laboratory work was still necessary and that many changes should be made in the vaccine before large-scale testing.

One of the many virologists working on vaccine problems under grants from the Foundation was Dr. Jonas E. Salk, head of the Virus Research Laboratory in the University of Pittsburgh's School of Medicine. Early in 1953, Dr. Salk reported on a vaccine that he had tested on children and adults with satisfactory results. Although he too warned that further experiments would be required, his vaccine appeared to be the realization of the promise the Foundation had made often and enthusiastically. The immunization committee, however, was cautious. Its eleven members thought the time was not ripe. Their most serious criticism of the vaccine was that Type I of the polio virus was represented by the "Mahoney strain," perhaps the most virulent of all strains included in that type. Even though the virus was supposed to be killed – inactivated by formalin, a solution of formaldehyde, so that the vaccine would contain only dead virus—the idea of introducing the Mahoney strain into the human body seemed dangerous to the immunization committee. Inactivation by formalin had been tested many times, and the results never had shown consistent success.

A "solution" of virus in formalin is not a true solution, in which every part is like every other part. It is instead a suspension of infinitesimal particles. In a suspension, which is not uniform throughout, the rate of inactivation is not steady or predictable. Previous researchers had provided evidence on this point. But Dr. Salk felt that no matter how irregular the inactivation might be, the vaccine would be safe if the formalin was "cooked" with the virus until no more virus could be disclosed by test and the solution was then "cooked" for a certain number of hours longer. He cited his own experiments to support this view.

Dr. Francis with his former student, Dr. Salk

Bypassing the Committee

However, the immunization committee could come to no agreement. There was a strong feeling that more research was necessary, and that less virulent strains of Type I should be tried as substitutes for the Mahoney.

Many believed that the proper approach should be similar to the approach on the typing problem, since the development of a vaccine presented many of the same factors: Set up a group to work out a careful plan of procedure and find answers to the questions that remained unanswered.

But Mr. O'Connor believed that the whole process could be speeded up. Research scientists tend to be slow and cautious in their pronouncements. Many had felt the annual promise of relief just around the corner was premature, that the Foundation should not promise more than it was sure to fulfill. There was at that time, they felt, no certainty about how soon a workable vaccine would be developed. That it would be developed was not in question. But they refused to set a time chart for it, since there were still many variables and unknowns.

It was March 26, 1953, that Dr. Salk, addressing a special meeting in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York, called by the Foundation, first reported that his vaccine had been successful in tests on ninety children. The next morning a technical report by Dr. Salk and his associates on the tests appeared in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* stating their conclusions with traditional scientific caution:

"Because of the great importance of safety factors in studies of this kind, it must be remembered that considerable time is required for the preparation and study of each new batch of experimental vaccine before human inoculations can be considered.

"It is this consideration, above all else, that imposes a limitation on the speed with which this work can be extended . . ." The implication was that another year and more likely two or three years might be needed before the vaccine could be made available with safety for general use.

But to its surprise and chagrin, the immunization committee found that it was no longer being consulted. A new vaccine committee was appointed in late May, 1953. Of its seven members, three were administrators and four were scientists who had made their reputations in fields other than polio research.

The 'Sense of Urgency'

In the summer of 1953, plans for field trials of the Salk vaccine began to take shape and the Federal gov-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ernment took its first official part in the program. The Foundation asked the Public Health Service for the loan of Dr. Joseph A. Bell, an epidemiologist of great experience who had done much work in mass vaccinations. He was given a leave of absence and in September, 1953, he moved over to the Foundation.

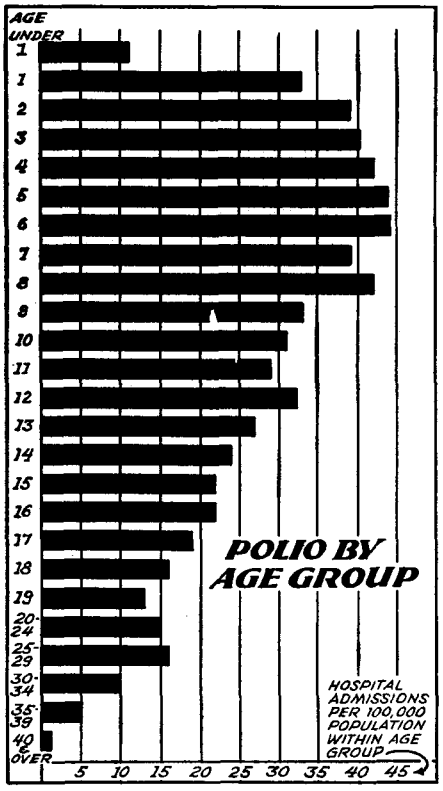
Dr. Bell at once set up rigorous standards. The first thing he insisted on was that the vaccine should be checked by the pharmaceutical houses, the Public Health Service's Laboratory of Biologics Control, and Dr. Salk's laboratory. This was to make sure that it was both safe and effective. Furthermore, the testing would provide the Laboratory of Biologics Control with enough experience to license the new vaccine, if it proved to be effective, without a whole new testing routine.

As Dr. Bell proceeded to make plans for the field trials, many points of dissension arose. Some of the rigid standards he set up for pre-inoculation tests would have meant a much more elaborate study on smaller groups—one that would have taken more time but yielded more conclusive results. Dr. Bell's relationship with the Foundation was ended, and he was replaced by Dr. Salk. However, several of Dr. Bell's recommendations, including triple testing, were incorporated in the program.

On October 9, 1953, Dr. Salk reported on a series of tests on 637 people at a conference of the American Academy of Pediatrics in Miami: "All that should be inferred now is that studies are progressing satisfactorily. There have been no setbacks nor anything but revelations that shed more light on the course ahead . . . [We] have selected a road, with many lanes, that seems long indeed. Our problem is to select not only the fast lane but the one that is safest and most certain." At the same meeting Dr. Salk intimated that the vaccine was advanced enough to justify mass testing within the next few months, but cautioned that a "vaccine for general use is not yet here." The Foundation announced that it planned organized large-scale testing, and that it planned to get the study under way early in 1954.

Three days later, on October 12, Dr. Hart E. Van Riper, Medical Director of the Foundation, advised patience. Testifying before a Congressional committee that a false impression that the polio problem was solved had been created, he said: "Polio is not conquered. When it will be remains a question." He regretted what he called "premature publicity" on the Salk vaccine.

Despite such misgivings in some quarters, plans for the field trial now began to accelerate. Dr. Salk had been largely responsible for the $1,125,000 grant from the Foundation to finance the Pittsburgh studies.



He was working around the clock toward the field trials. It was obvious that the Foundation was backing Dr. Salk to the hilt.

As one member of the immunization committee told me: "O'Connor was right to by-pass the immunization committee. If he wanted to get on with a specific job, it was much better to get an administrative committee. After all, research scientists are apt to consider a great many peripheral questions. O'Connor is bent on saving lives, and he feels that if this can be done it is better to begin operations even at a slight risk than to wait until you get the perfect product. We would have preferred to get a substitute for the Mahoney strain, but that would have meant delay. People have been hunting for a Type I that would be as good as the Mahoney but not as virulent. We didn't want to get into this immediately, to push forward to a goal. We wanted to explore the questionable areas and have other laboratories working along the same line. I suppose we ought to be grateful to Jonas. I knew for myself that I simply could not work under that kind of pressure. On the other hand, I can understand the push when you are concerned always with paralytic victims and I can see why O'Connor felt such a sense of urgency."

Dr. Milzer's Warning

On November 10, 1953, Dr. Albert Milzer of Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago reported on attempts to produce vaccine in strict accordance with directions published by Dr. Salk:

"For reasons not apparent to us we were not successful in consistently completely inactivating the virus with formalin, residual infectivity being manifest both in tissue-culture test and monkey inoculation."

He also warned: "Before undertaking a field study to evaluate a poliomyelitis vaccine, we feel that it would be advisable to proceed cautiously in order to be certain that there are no ill effects and that no risks are taken, for we must avoid the tragic consequences that have accompanied poliomyelitis vaccine research in the past."

In answer to this, Dr. Van Riper of the Foundation made a statement to the press: "Failure of some scientists to reproduce Dr. Salk's results for making a safe polio vaccine is due to the fact they have not followed his exact methods." He went on to defend the procedure. Dr. Milzer replied in turn: "I did not say Salk's vaccine was not safe. Absolutely not. . . . we have never had his vaccine to test and we've never even seen it. All we did was to follow his recipe and the cake did not come out right for reasons not apparent to us."

Dr. Salk made a statement at this time saying that his work on the safety of the vaccine "had been confirmed by independent investigators in other laboratories." He further

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stated that as a result of stringent safety tests applied before use on human beings, "We can state flatly that the vaccine, as prepared by us, is devoid of any infective virus and that no human being has been, or ever will, in any field trials, be inoculated with any material that has the remotest suspicion attached to it."

On November 12, 1953, Dr. Salk said in a talk delivered before the Ninth Annual Conference on Women's Activities of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis at the Waldorf-Astoria: "I give every possible assurance I can and that medical science can that the anti-polio vaccine to be used will be safe. I will be personally responsible for the vaccine."

At the Association of State and Territorial Health Officers' annual meeting in Washington in November, 1953, Foundation representatives outlined plans for the proposed field trials and asked for cooperation. That same month, the Foundation had a meeting in New York with representatives from ten major manufacturers of pharmaceuticals and biologicals to discuss production of the vaccine.

With the new year came the 1954 March of Dimes. On New Year's Day Mr. O'Connor announced in a nation-wide broadcast from New Orleans that Pittsburgh would start field-test inoculations during that month. He said that the development of the vaccine had brought the fight against polio to the "verge of victory."

"This will be followed in February by mass field trials, covering every state in the nation, making these trials the largest controlled field tests in all medical history," said O'Connor. His time schedule was not accurate. At best, the vaccine could not be ready before March. He called for $75 million for polio-prevention work in 1954, including $26.5 million for gamma globulin and the field trials. The total response was $55 million, which made an "emergency" appeal necessary later on. The field trials cost $7.5 million.

On March 11, 1954, Dr. Albert B. Sabin, Research Professor of Pediatrics at the University of Cincinnati, said: "We are not at the end of the road but only at the beginning. Let us not confuse justifiable optimism with achievement." He pointed out that he saw no grave danger in the vaccinations but in the lack of "standardized methods of assay," and added, "If it [mass inoculation] turns out good, we won't know how to duplicate it. If it turns out bad, we won't know why."

As the field-trial date drew closer, more uncertainty developed in the proposed test areas.

In April, one of twelve Michigan counties scheduled to participate withdrew. Dr. Howard A. Rusk, however, writing in the New York *Times,* asserted that "the only things found have been some questionable pathological changes in the brains of some of the monkeys. In no instance have the animals become ill or evidenced any symptoms of polio." He added that all suspect batches had been discarded anyway. He also quoted Dr. Thomas M. Rivers of the Rockefeller Institute and Chairman of the Foundation's Vaccine Advisory Committee to the effect that vaccine was even safer than smallpox vaccine.

The executive committee of the University of Michigan Medical School urged public-health authorities to participate in the program and pressure was brought on the Michigan State Medical Society to rescind its disapproval of the vaccine. The Society had protested vigorously on the ground that it had not received assurances on a number of questions, including a guarantee of the safety of the vaccine. In fact, it delayed until the trials were almost at hand before reluctantly consenting to go along with them.

A vaccine laboratory

The Government Role

In general the state departments of health felt committed to the program because the U.S. Public Health Service was now taking part in it. This agency, a branch of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, is headed by Surgeon General Leonard A. Scheele. It has many responsibilities, including advising "the several States on matters relating to the preservation and improvement of the public health" and issuing information to that end. One of its arms, the National Institutes of Health, comprises seven divisions, including the Microbiological Institute, under which was the Laboratory of Biologics Control. This had the technical responsibility of evaluating all biologic products such as the Salk vaccine. (However, on June 1, 1955, the Surgeon General named a permanent committee of government and private scientists to take over responsibility for testing the Salk vaccine, and the Laboratory of Biologics Control moved out from under the Microbiological Institute to become the Division of Biologics Standards with a new director.)

Dr. William G. Workman, chief of the Laboratory, has been a career officer in Public Health Service since 1930. The Laboratory has been small, understaffed, and poor, but it is proud of the caliber of the scientists who have served it and cherished its reputation. The 1955 appropriation for the Laboratory was $327,000.

On this budget the Laboratory staff inspects manufacturing establishments, performs tests in their laboratories, examines manufacturers' records of processing and testing (the famous protocols), and confers with appropriate representatives in industry and science. On the basis of the Laboratory's technical evaluations, the Surgeon General recommends that the Secretary issue licenses. Licensing regulations are general in nature and give little real authority to the Public Health Service over production methods. A license may be suspended or revoked only when the Surgeon General has reasonable grounds to believe that there has been failure to comply with the standards.

Vaccine production was started

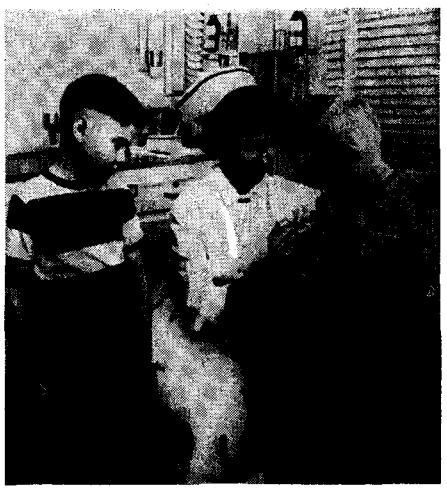
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

early in 1954, to be ready for the field trials that were scheduled for March of that year. The vaccine was manufactured by private concerns under contract to the Foundation according to specifications furnished by the Foundation. These specifications were drafted by the Foundation between December, 1953, and February, 1954, with the advice of the Public Health Service and on the basis of information supplied by Dr. Salk about his own laboratory experience. These "minimal requirements" were dispatched to the commercial manufacturers. An arrangement was made for triple testing of each lot of the experimental vaccine before the Foundation accepted it.

As each batch of vaccine was finished, the manufacturer withdrew three samples, sending one to his own laboratory, one to Dr. Salk, and one to the U.S. Laboratory of Biologics Control. Thus all samples would be tested separately so that the results of one test would have no influence on another. In March, 1954, tests conducted on tissue culture and monkeys had been concluded.

Live virus was detected in four of the first six supposedly inactivated lots of vaccine. One of the most disturbing features was the complete lack of agreement in the checking system itself. For instance, two of the first six lots tested negative in the pharmaceutical laboratories and in Dr. Salk's laboratory but failed the safety test in the U.S. Laboratory. Two others passed in U.S. Laboratory and in Dr. Salk's laboratory but failed the manufacturers' test. As other batches arrived, the inconsistency continued. Among these early lots eleven samplings in all were found to contain live virus, but only two of these checked positive in all three laboratories.

The personal guarantee that Dr. Salk had made at the Waldorf-Astoria about the vaccine produced in his own laboratory did not necessarily hold good, it appeared, for the vaccine produced elsewhere. Even at this early date the question arose whether the sampling was representative of the whole batch even though the batches were of relatively small size. (Field-trial batches were of 120 to 150 liters, whereas subsequent liters run from three



hundred to five hundred liters, some of the larger companies making batches up to twelve hundred liters.)

The Foundation representatives, Dr. Salk, and the manufacturers were called in for a series of meetings with Public Health Service officials. The start of the field trials was put off for four weeks in order to allow time for a complete review, and for further testing and studying of the nature of the vaccine. Dr. Salk's experience in inoculating children had been entirely on vaccine prepared in his own laboratory. He was now requested to conclude inoculation studies on some 7,500 children with the commercially produced vaccine. In April, 1954, all the interested parties reconvened.

By this time the vaccine was checking negative—both Parke, Davis and Eli Lilly had produced twelve negative batches in a row. The other companies had also produced negative batches, but it was decided to use the vaccine from the two largest producers only, "in order to reduce variability from multiple manufacturers."

Just then a startling result turned up. In a long series of thirty-one batches from Lilly, thirty samplings ran consistently negative, but near the end of the line one ran positive —live virus.

A new set of "minimum requirements" was worked out by the Public Health Service in May, 1954, against the day when the product might be licensed. These were to be the requirements for commercial manufacture. The document was prepared with the advice and co-operation of the manufacturers and Dr. Salk. After it was drawn up, Dr. Salk notified the National Institutes of Health that he was well pleased with the minimum requirements.

Getting Ready for Production

Although the results of the field trials in the spring and summer of 1954 were not to be known until the evaluation had been completed some time in 1955, it was apparent to the interested parties that they had gone off without serious mishap. The vaccine manufacturers therefore began to make preparations for conversion to large-scale production in August, 1954. In order to encourage the manufacturers to stay in production after the field trials, the Foundation placed orders for purchase of twenty-seven million cubic centimeters of vaccine at a cost of $9 million.

Now presumably was the time when the Federal health authorities might have been expected to foresee the problems that would arise in distribution for a mass inoculation program in the following spring and to take official steps to see that it was properly carried out. Mrs. Hobby, the Cabinet officer ultimately responsible, has stated that "No one could have foreseen the public demand for the vaccine." And yet with the same knowledge that was then available to Mrs. Hobby, her opposite number in Canada, Minister of Health and Welfare Paul Martin, was already taking steps to prepare national co-ordination of the Canadian inoculation program.

AT LEAST ONE person in Mrs. Hobby's own Department actually proposed that the United States take similar steps. To Dr. Martha M. Eliot, Chief of the Children's Bureau of the Social Security Administration, the scope of the coming emergency was clear. In late September, 1954, Dr. Van Riper, the Foundation's Medical Director, came to see Dr. Eliot and informed her of the Foundation's purchase of $9 million of vaccine for the mass inoculations to take place in the spring.

"I thought that was wonderful," Dr. Eliot has said, "but it was very clear to me that as soon as the Foundation started, other children—both younger and older—would want to get the vaccine too at their local Health Departments. Dr. Van Riper

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and I talked about it and agreed that somehow the state health departments should be able to have the vaccine when the Foundation began its shots or soon after." About a month later she discussed the problem at a meeting of a committee of state and territorial health officers, and in early March she drew up a proposal for submission through channels to Mrs. Hobby. It would have required a Federal grant-in-aid of almost $35 million (roughly what present plans envisage) and would have provided for distribution throughout the states.

Dr. Eliot felt that since the whole thing had been developed with money given by the people, the people were entitled to the results if they were satisfactory. Mrs. Hobby, however, thought it would be better to wait until the announcement of the Francis Report.

THE FOUNDATION meanwhile was proceeding apace with its own program. It asked Dr. Thomas Francis, Jr., noted epidemiologist at the University of Michigan and a former professor of Dr. Salk's, to evaluate the study.

The field trials were completed by the end of the summer of 1954, and then the colossal work of decoding and classifying about a billion items of information began. After the results were broken down, it was left to Dr. Francis and his team of experts to figure out what the statistics meant.

The Foundation, eager to get the results in time to give them general application before the 1955 polio season started, kept urging the necessity of speed. Dr. Francis promised to have the preliminary report by April. It was a staggering job and refutes any of the talk that the results were deliberately held up in order to coincide with the anniversary of President Roosevelt's death. It was, of course, no news to the Foundation that April 12 was an anniversary. But any date in mid-April would have been considered a memorial ceremony.

The Big Day

On April 12, more than five hundred invited guests gathered in Ann Arbor at the invitation of the University of Michigan and the Foundation to hear Dr. Francis read the success story of the Salk vaccine. Some three hundred scientists and assorted dignitaries, plus more than two hundred radio, TV, and newspaper reporters, packed Rackham Hall under the glare of kleig lights set up for TV and newsreel cameras.

Mr. Arthur L. Brandon, Public Relations Officer of the University, described the meeting as "an instance of modern science and modern communications coming together."

The reading was scheduled for 10:15, and at nine o'clock the reporters were still waiting for their advance material — many counting the minutes before an early deadline. At 9:17 messengers appeared bearing copy, and some hundred and fifty newsmen swept toward them in a tidal wave. The messengers backed off and started pitching the handouts into the crowd.

This was no time to read fine print. The reporters rushed for the phones to transmit the highlights of the release: "It works . . . The vaccine is eighty to ninety per cent effective . . . It is safe, potent, and effective."

The National Broadcasting Company had promised not to release the news for fifty minutes in an agreement with the press, but Dave Garroway, claiming the story was too important to sit on, broke the agreement.

The word traveled fast. Polio the crippler was out for the count. In the streets people grinned happily at each other. Victims of polio wept.

AFTER THE REPORTERS in Ann Arbor had filed their stories and had a chance to examine the material, they learned that the vaccine was actually only sixty to seventy per cent effective against Type I virus, which is by far the most common cause of paralytic polio.

William L. Laurence, veteran science reporter of The New York *Times,* declared, "I've never seen a report of this importance more calculated to mislead people. The Polio Foundation should have given us a better chance to prepare and write a story of this kind."

"We don't like being put in the position of hungry dogs at a garbage pail," declared Jack Geiger of International News Service.

Pierre Fraley of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* suggested that a story of such magnitude and complexity could well have been given an hour or two in advance to newsmen. "You could have locked them into a room if they wanted to read it in advance, if preserving security was that imperative," he declared. "After all,

Photos from Wide World

The White House ceremony on April 22

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even Dr. Francis would have refused to make his study had he been given, say, only two weeks to produce an accurate analysis of the figures."

THE MEETING opened, and at 10:20 Dr. Francis began his report. With dignified detachment and deliberation in the midst of all the clamor and glare, he discussed the results of the field trials for one hour and forty minutes. Scientists followed him intently; medical men tried; the uninitiated were left far behind. But one fact stood out clear and incontrovertible: A vaccinated child had two and a half times as much chance to escape paralytic polio as a child who had received a dummy injection. When Dr. Francis sat down and Dr. Salk stood up, the audience rose to give the discoverer of the vaccine a thunderous ovation.

When the meeting broke up there was such confusion among the health officers—especially when it was learned that all state and territorial officers had not even been invited—that the Public Health Service was forced to call a meeting for the following Thursday. The problem that faced all these public officials was staggering. They realized that all parents would be eager to get vaccine for their children, but none of the officers had any idea how much vaccine they would receive or when or to which groups it would first be allotted.

The Decision

Through the pandemonium of April 12, twelve of the country's most noted virologists, including Dr. Salk, made their way to the door and hurried down the street to a nearby hotel. Each had received a telegram several days before, inviting him to meet with Dr. Workman of the Laboratory of Biologics Control to determine whether the vaccine should be licensed. On their decision hung the fate of the Foundation's projected mass inoculation program.

All shades of opinion were represented at the meeting, from the man who thought, "If you can prevent a few thousand deaths, shouldn't you push ahead even if there is a slight risk?" to the one who thought, "Polio—one chance in five thousand. Why not wait at least until we can get rid of the Mahoney strain before we give this to every child in the country?"

The twelve virologists sat around with the thick seventy-page report before them, knowing that in Washington the TV cameras were set up and Mrs. Hobby and Dr. Scheele were just waiting for the go-ahead from them. One doesn't like to keep a Cabinet officer and the Surgeon General waiting. They were familiar with the experience of the field trials. They were familiar with the goals of the Foundation, all but three of them having done original research in the polio field under the auspices of the Foundation.

They also knew that the many aspects of the long report on the field trials would require long and careful study. But if the vaccine would cut down the incidence of paralytic polio two and a half times, how could they justify any delay? They remembered the bad batches of the earlier period, the perils of the Mahoney strain, and the unaccountable appearance of live virus at the end of a long series of successful tests. For a while the desirability of going carefully into all the factors was discussed, but they all knew only too well that it could not be done in one session. Still somewhat stunned by the cheers of the crowd, the blinding flash of bulbs, the heat and glare of kleig lights, and, over everything, the cries of "It's safe! It's here!"—they may have felt that the decision was no longer theirs to make.

They shook Dr. Salk's hand, and amid some talk of what a magnificent job "Tommy" Francis had done, the risk of harming a few to save many was taken: They recommended unanimously that the vaccine be licensed.

How Canada Handled The Salk Vaccine

ROBERT CRICHTON

THERE WERE some anxious faces on the morning of May 9 at the Canadian Department of National Health and Welfare in Ottawa. The early editions of the Toronto *Star* had arrived, featuring prominently on page 1 a story about a boy who, after receiving a shot of Canadian-made Salk vaccine, had come down with bulbar poliomyelitis.

One of the first to see the item was George Carty, the young executive assistant to Paul Martin, Minister of National Health and Welfare. He telephoned Martin immediately, and Martin gave instructions for Dr. G. D. W. Cameron, Deputy Minister of Health and the career civil-service officer who actually administers national health policy, to alert the ten provincial ministers of health.

"I can remember muttering aloud, 'God help us, this is the start of it,' " Carty has recalled. "I hadn't the least doubt the panic was on for us, just the way it was down below."

The panic was on indeed "down below." On May 7, two days before Canada recorded its first polio case of the year, U.S. Surgeon General Leonard A. Scheele requested a halt in the U.S. immunization program. On that day Canada's Health Minister Martin asked Dr. R. D. Defries, director of Toronto's Connaught Laboratories, which were producing all of Canada's Salk vaccine, to fly to Washington and try to find out what was going wrong with the U.S. program. In the meantime Martin and Cameron talked the situation over with every provincial health official they could reach. On Sunday, May 8, Martin had a talk with Dr. Defries about what he had learned in Washington and reached the final answer to a crucial question: Should Canada stop its immunization program and see what developed in Washington, or should it go ahead alone?

That same evening Martin announced to the Canadian people that the Department of Health would not only go ahead with its

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

immunization program but would step it up just as fast as compliance with rigid safety regulations would allow.

The bold announcement was received throughout Canada with pride and confidence. None of this, of course, was displeasing to the Minister of Health and Welfare. Fifty-two-year-old Paul Joseph James Martin, the son of an Irish steelworker from Ontario, is both aggressive and ambitious in his administration of one of Canada's most highly prized political offices. But if the news from Toronto on the morning of Monday, May 9, meant that Canada was about to duplicate its neighbor's recent vaccine difficulties, both the nation's pride and Martin's political stock were in for a drastic deflation.

Before notifying the provincial ministers of health, Carty had checked with Toronto for a more complete version of the story. Some months before, Toronto had set up a flying squad of experts whose job was to evaluate any new cases of polio that might develop. The team consisted of an epidemologist, a bacteriologist with virological training, and a doctor with previous polio epidemic experience. Even before Carty's call, the team had been able to determine that the boy in the news had contracted a mild form of polio four days before receiving his shot. Canada finally had its first case of polio, but the Connaught vaccine was cleared of any suspicion.

THE RECORD, as this is written, remains unblemished. Of course the Canadian program is smaller—a little less than a million children vaccinated as against nearly eight million in the United States—but in the United States 168 cases of post-vaccination polio had been reported by June 18. Canadian health officials and scientists, reluctant to be drawn into making any invidious comparisons with the U.S. program and profoundly grateful for the American generosity in including them in all phases of the Salk vaccine development, will usually go no further than to say that they have been lucky. They point to Canada's smaller population and later polio season. But Canada's luck, if luck it was, also involved having a Cabinet officer in charge of the program who, unlike his opposite number in the United States, *did* foresee "the great public demand for the Salk vaccine."

Most private citizens in Canada are not at all reluctant to say why their polio vaccination program has gone so well. As they see it, there are three main factors:

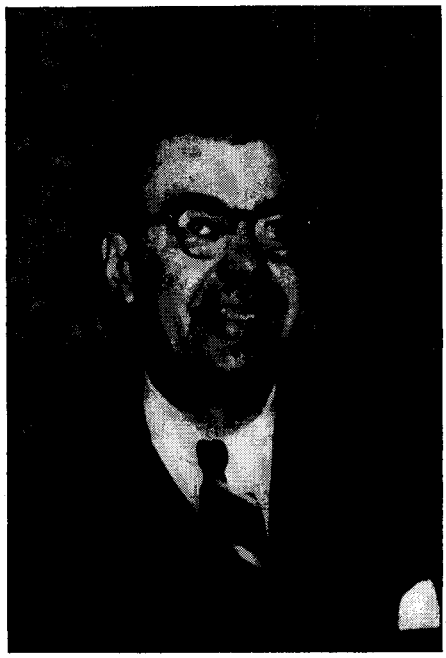
¶ Early conferences between scientists and government officials, thoroughly co-ordinated by the federal Department of Health.

¶ Federal control of manufacturing and distribution.

¶ Thorough vaccine safety testing standards.

A National Emergency

Canada has participated in the development of a polio vaccine from the beginning. Dr. J. F. Morgan of the Connaught Laboratories contributed significantly to the work of Dr. John Franklin Enders of Harvard, who in 1949 succeeded in keeping polio viruses alive in non-nervous tissue. In 1953, as preparations were being made for the 1954 field trials, the U.S. National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis gave Connaught the contract to supply almost all the live virus strains needed to produce the vaccine. Shortly before the field trials, the Foundation invited Canada to participate on a limited basis when it was found that more vaccine was available than had been anticipated. Health Minister Martin consulted the ten provincial health ministers, and Manitoba, Alberta, and Nova Scotia were the first to accept.



Paul Martin

Health and welfare have always been big issues in Canadian politics, as is evidenced by the Canadian budget. Last year Martin's department received $1.2 billion, the second largest item (after Defense). The budget for Mrs. Hobby's Department of Health, Education and Welfare was almost twice as large, but the U.S. population is more than ten times that of Canada.

Although Canadian health programs are traditionally administered by the provinces, their general organization has tended more and more to be concentrated in the Department of National Health and Welfare. This portfolio, considered a juicy plum for a rising politician, was created in 1944. As in Britain, the Minister is drawn from the ranks of Commons and is responsible for policy. Beneath the Minister is a career civil-service officer, at present Dr. Cameron, who is responsible to the Minister for seeing that policy is carried out.

EACH of the ten provinces has the same setup, the provincial minister of health coming from the local legislatures and backed by a civil-service officer.

The basic federal structure is similar to that of the United States. Martin's department does not dictate policy. The provinces are as jealous of their rights as states are, and the Minister is authorized to intrude in local affairs only when it can be clearly established that it is in the national interest to do so. At most he advises and persuades. His means of persuasion, similar to those of the U.S. Surgeon General if he chooses to use them, are talent and money. The federal department has access to the best medical advice, and its policies are almost always followed in the provinces. Furthermore, under the National Health Grant Program, which was established in 1948, the federal government makes large grants to the provinces for special needs. Recently, for example, $42 million was made available in three grants to provinces for such things as improved laboratory and

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

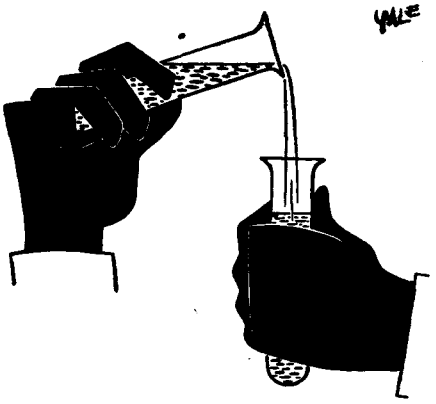
radiological services. Martin has enjoyed the fullest co-operation from the provinces.

When Canada was invited to participate in the field trials of 1954, its Department of Health set up a standing group of experts to study the vaccine and its problems and also began work on a pilot plan for its eventual manufacture and distribution. Six months later, in October, after being informed of the group's findings, Martin called a meeting of the Dominion Council of Health. This is a conference of the deputy health ministers from all the provinces, the men who in the end must advise the provincial ministers, many of whom are not medical men. The Department of National Health had a complete program drawn up and ready to go. By all calculations, the Salk vaccine seemed certain to be a success. Dr. Defries estimated that if Connaught Laboratories went into production right then, enough vaccine could be ready in the spring to inoculate all Canadian children between five and seven, the most vulnerable age group. For some 550,000 two-shot treatments the cost was estimated at about $750,000.

MARTIN asked for sweeping powers. This, he declared, certainly qualified as a national emergency. The provinces were asked to relinquish their traditional prerogatives in this case and authorize the federal government to run the polio program. The federal government would advance half the cost (outside of grants) if the provinces would meet the other half on a basis of population.

The provincial deputy ministers found Martin's reasoning persuasive. They formed their own committee to report back to the Council with a plan for national production and distribution. Others were persuaded too. The Canadian Medical Association went along with the plan; there were no cries of "socialized medicine" in Canada. The commercial pharmaceutical houses, clearly not equipped to produce vaccine to meet Martin's schedule, did not protest the granting of a contract to the nonprofit Connaught Laboratories, which are attached to the University of Toronto Medical School.

Before the Dominion Council of



Health had adjourned, the committee had already reported back a plan for approval. The committee suggested free inoculations as the fairest form of distribution and devised a method whereby all provinces would be assured of simultaneous and equitable distribution under federal surveillance. It was further suggested that a stringent code of safety procedures be worked out by the Health Department's Laboratory of Hygiene in Ottawa and representatives from Connaught. The committee's proposals were adopted unanimously.

Six months before Dr. Thomas Francis, Jr., gave his evaluation of the Salk vaccine at Ann Arbor last April, Canada had established a program for vaccine production and distribution adequate to national needs, with a clearly defined chain of command and center of responsibility.

Fishing for Guppies

Canada went ahead, after the alarm in May, because Canadians had confidence in the Salk vaccine their doctors were using. The United States called a halt because that confidence had been shaken. A comparison of the two countries' safety procedures in producing Salk vaccine may help to explain the differing attitudes.

In the United States a new biological can be licensed if, after testing and a review of safety procedure, the product turns out to meet Public Health standards. In Canada, the federal Laboratory of Hygiene goes through the same steps the manufacturer did and actually produces the drug; if any potential flaws are found in the process, even though the product rates highly, the Laboratory advises the manufacturer that changes must be made if he is to be licensed.

Connaught established safety procedures for the manufacture of polio vaccine that borrowed heavily from the methods established by the U.S. National Institutes of Health for the 1954 field-trial vaccines and then presented them to the Laboratory of Hygiene at Ottawa for appraisal. The final approved test was not much different from that established for U.S. vaccine producers, except for one striking difference:

In Canada safety tests have been applied to lots of up to 120 liters, enough vaccine for 120,000 shots, whereas in the United States these basically similar quantitative tests have been applied to lots of up to 1,200 liters, enough vaccine for 1,200,000 shots.

Because of certain special problems in the manufacture of Salk vaccine, this difference becomes vitally important. Salk vaccine, as many people know by this time, is produced from three distinct virus strains. Before being pooled for the final vaccine, these strains are individually treated with formaldehyde, which, theoretically, will inactivate or "kill" live virus in the strains.

But as Dr. Scheele stated in his June 9 report to Mrs. Hobby on reasons for the vaccine stoppage, there is now evidence that formaldehyde sometimes fails to reach or penetrate minute particles of live virus. Thus a supposedly finished lot might still be speckled through with dangerous spots of live virus—as, indeed, numerous lots have been. It becomes obvious that as the size of the batch to be tested increases, the chances of discovering dangerous live virus decreases. The problem has been compared with that of trying to discover whether there are any guppies in two dark containers. Ten sweeps with a small net through a barrel is not much of a test, but ten through a bucket might provide a guppy or two if there are any to be caught.

In the United States it has been argued that safety lies in production methods rather than in testing, but the fact remains that Canadian safety tests provide up to twenty times more chances of finding something wrong.

It was to meet this safety problem

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the U.S. government was finally forced to take official action. The Public Health Service tightened safety procedures on May 25, but Canada is still ahead, and Martin has announced that at least the same relative standards will be maintained as larger lots are produced.

THE SECOND significant difference between the Canadian and American procedures concerns the touchy issue of the double check. The Scheele report notes that in four "supposedly inactivated lots of vaccine" produced for the field trials, live virus was discovered on triple-checking.

It is possible that subsequent checks simply made more certain that any live virus that had failed to be inactivated by formaldehyde would be found. There is a theory, however, that something can happen to a lot of vaccine between the time it is cleared and the time it is ready to be bottled for distribution. Some of the viruses may be only "stunned," or they may gather in "clumps" so that only the outside viruses are affected by the formaldehyde, or some of them may be vaporized and then somehow find their way back into the vaccine after final safety checks.

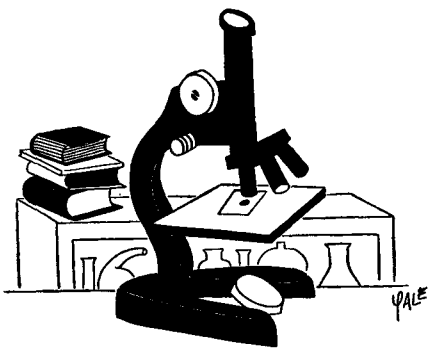
Whatever the explanation may be, the possibility that some live virus can survive the formaldehyde "cooking" has convinced the Canadians that a complete double check is warranted even after the vaccine has passed stringent tests. They insist that this is not a luxury but a necessity if a vaccine is to be made as safe as humanly possible. As of this writing, four lots of carefully tested Connaught vaccine, enough to inoculate 400,000 children, have been rejected and dumped after double checks at the Health Department's Laboratory of Hygiene in Ottawa. Since U.S. manufacturers are not now required to double-check, these suspicious lots of vaccine would in all probability been sent out for use in the United States.

Even under the revised safety regulations in the United States, the basic check by the Laboratory of Biologics Control still consists in asking the manufacturer to supply detailed data on just what steps he followed in producing his last lot of vaccine. These are called "protocols." If the protocols read correctly, the lot is then released for use. Under revised standards, the Laboratory is now conducting spot checks on various lots, but in his report to the President Surgeon General Scheele stated: "Great emphasis will not be placed on simple repetition of the testing already done in individual laboratories, since this adds little to the safety factor."

This statement differs sharply with the Canadian view. The Canadian experts are convinced the double check is the backbone of their safety program. Of course the Canadians' great advantage in the double check is the much smaller amounts they deal with. In the United States, to institute a double check would call for so much expansion in trained personnel and facilities that the mass polio program might have to be suspended for a year or even two years. The revised safety standards of May 25 have already slowed down the production of fresh vaccine to a trickle.

Where Are the Missing Monkeys?

One other item that showed significant difference between the two nations' immunization programs came to light in one of the first Canadian encounters with commercially produced American vaccine. Canada invited all six participating U.S. firms to apply for licenses to sell in Canada. Five of them replied



and sent along particulars, varying in details, about their operations. Particulars supplied by three firms were not adequate enough to warrant issuing a license at the time. Two firms, the Eli Lilly Company and Parke, Davis, were requested to send protocols and batches for testing. The first Lilly protocol became the object of much subdued wrangling. Although information on tests with twenty-four monkeys was requested, data on only eighteen were forthcoming. Ottawa wanted to know what had happened to the other six monkeys. Had they perchance dropped dead?

The U.S. government did not bother to ask any searching questions such as these after the field trials. Of course the pharmaceutical houses were not anxious to advertise their failures, but as a result much valuable information on vaccine production was certainly lost. Only by complete records could any worthwhile yardstick be applied to test the effectiveness of production methods. If one firm was botching up three batches out of every five (although Washington only saw a report on the two good lots), it might be reasonable to assume that the firm's methods were not all they might be.

ASIDE FROM the theatrics at Ann Arbor when the vaccine was cleared by Dr. Francis—which the Canadians felt was both undignified and dangerous in that it tended to sell people the idea that the vaccine was one hundred per cent effective—the aspect of the U.S. program that raises most Canadian comment (and eyebrows) is price. When Connaught began production, it charged $1.50 for three inoculations. Since then the price has dropped to $1.25. When the Institute of Microbiology at the University of Montreal gets into production this autumn, the price is expected to drop below a dollar.

In the United States the retail price of private doctors for three shots may run as high as $6.60. In wholesale lots the average price for private doctors will be about $4.50. What actual cost may be is hard to determine, but Canadians who have seen the elaborate facilities of some of our big pharmaceutical plants find it hard to believe that U.S. costs could be much higher than Connaught's, especially taking into account that U.S. vaccine is manufactured in bulk lots of 1,200,000 cubic centimeters. One explanation may be that the highly competitive drug firms traditionally try to get their investment in a new product back within a year or two. After that the price might drop considerably. An-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other is that a nonprofit laboratory like Connaught does not get involved in the enormous public relations campaigns that U.S. drug firms wage.

Free Enterprise Till It Hurts

In the United States little or no official guidance is now given to the private doctor. With inadequate advice, conflicting information, and sweeping claims and counterclaims about the vaccine hanging in the air unresolved, he is asked to take upon himself the responsibility of inoculating children. This had led to situations such as that in New Jersey, where some counties have decided to go ahead and some have decided to stop, where some towns within the counties have programs and others don't. In some counties all responsibility has been left to the parents. The parent who decides not to allow his child to be vaccinated this year and whose child then contracts polio presumably must blame himself for having given the wrong answer to a highly complicated medical problem. And what of the scarcely better-informed doctor who decides to go ahead with an immunization program during the summer polio season and finds that he has induced paralysis in children who were carrying polio virus held in check by natural antibodies? The possibilities of personal tragedy are everywhere present in a program that has no coordinated direction.

The present U.S. government policy holds that halting the program again would deprive millions of children of protection in order to prevent a rather remote risk for a handful. Surely another consideration is that a long halt in the program might set back public confidence in the vaccine for a decade. There may also be a few political considerations involved. Having started with big claims, the program has to go on being big.

IN THE LIGHT of what has happened recently in the United States, the Canadian experience with its immunization program would seem to bear out Health Minister Martin's original claim: The introduction of anything so important as a new polio vaccine amounts to a national emergency and calls for some form of national control.

THE PASSPORT DECISION

ERIC SEVAREID

ANOTHER STEP has been taken in what seems sure to be a long drawn out but very definite movement toward restoring some balance in general administration of the civil liberties of American citizens. Under the fear of domestic Communism—some of it justified, some not — we have gone through five years or more when administrative rulings, legislation, and Congressional investigations were all in one direction: toward the severest kind of control and penalizing of individuals and groups deemed, under various interpretations of the word, to be subversive. There is no question that some results justified some of these processes; no question, either, that some of them went too far, injured many persons and groups of highly doubtful guilt.

The inevitable consequence is now developing rather rapidly. What is already under way and will increase in momentum is a movement on many levels — in Congress, in the Administration, in the courts—to find out just what damage has been done, not only to citizens but to the various rights and privileges of citizenship that we all took for granted before the tensions of the cold war caught us up.

THE LATEST development in this general move is important. The U.S. Court of Appeals unanimously concluded that the State Department does not have the full and free right to decide which citizens shall be granted a passport and which not. The judges declared that passport actions are subject to court review because they are not purely political matters of foreign affairs and they must conform to Constitutional due process. After many years of arbitrary administrative decisions on passports, the Department is now told (I quote the court) that "The right to travel . . . is a natural right subject to the rights of others and to reasonable regulation under law."

It was time this matter got thrashed out to a decision; the whole question has existed in an uncertain legal twilight for far too long already. But this is only one step of many. Machinery is in motion that will put many practices in the threshing machine to separate, at long last, the wheat from the chaff. One is the Attorney General's list of subversive groups, which is subject right now to serious questioning by former Senator Cain and others. Another is the whole complex matter of the government's security routines for its employees, which Congress is probably about to subject to the scrutiny of a special citizens' commission.

There will be still another Congressional committee, headed by Senator Hennings of Missouri, in operation by next fall. It will be designed to take a long, hard look not only at specific cases but at the large question of what is happening to traditional rights of citizenship, to see where we have strayed from our ancient concepts and how much straying has really been necessary, even in police-security terms.

This means trying to isolate the threat of internal-subversion, to find out just what it is, where it is, how serious or how insignificant it is. As things stand, even Congressmen have only the vaguest notion of the size and shape of the internal enemy. It means trying to get a clear definition of the very word "subversive." We build laws, regulations, and processes on this word, but the appalling truth is that it means many things to many different people.

A NEW tide seems to be flowing. All these hearings and inquiries now in train will not be so dramatic as those we have known in the past few years, but they can serve the Republic at least equally well.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sudan As the British Leave

DON COOK

KHARTOUM

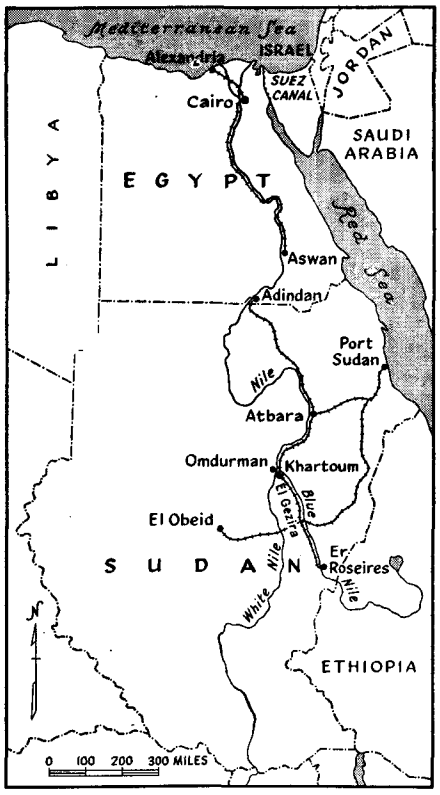
WHEN Major General Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener crossed the White Nile after his victory at Omdurman in September of 1898 and entered the ruined city of Khartoum, across the river, to begin Britain's long suzerainity over the Sudan, he issued instructions on how the town was to be rebuilt.

First he called in a young engineer officer and ordered him to draw up plans for reconstruction of the Palace—the fortress-mansion facing the Nile where nearly fourteen years earlier General Charles ("Chinese") Gordon had defended Khartoum in a tragic and emotional 315-day siege, pacing the roof day after day looking for a British relieving force, finally to be beheaded by the fanatical dervish warriors of the Mahdi.

When Kitchener entered Khartoum, he had already paused briefly to shell and destroy the Mahdi's tomb at Omdurman, and to order the Mahdi's body removed, dismembered, and scattered as evidence that the British were back in the Sudan to stay and would stand for no more nonsense.

As for the rebuilding of Khartoum itself, Kitchener ordered: "Lay it out like the Union Jack." And so, in time, a clean, shaded, spacious, and singularly dignified town, unlike any other in the Arab world, grew up at this hot and humid confluence of the Blue and the White Nile. The top border of Kitchener's Union Jack town plan is a broad tree-lined boulevard along the Blue Nile. The Palace—massive, cool, imposing but simple, with only a courtyard fountain remaining of the original building and a plaque to mark the staircase where the Mahdi's spearmen felled General Gordon—stands at the middle of the boulevard at the center of the Union Jack. Rows of well-proportioned and solid government buildings flank it along the Nile front, together with the buildings of the University College of Khartoum (which used to be called Gordon Memorial College), a military barracks, a hospital, stately Nile-front villas, and the Grand Hotel—one of those Empire establishments where you have to ask for ice in your drink.

From each end of the waterfront boulevard, diagonal avenues cut across the town in the pattern of the two crosses of St. Andrew and St. George. At the Union Jack center, behind the Palace, a circular park of palm trees and flower beds is laid out with a statue of General Gordon mounted on a camel.



Map by Starworth

Conquest and Retreat

Most native Sudanese choose to live on the Omdurman side of the White Nile, and Omdurman—almost twice the population of Khartoum—is a crowded, dusty Arab contrast to the town the British have built. Stirring, if minor, events in history have unfolded on the nearby sands. Even in this late hour of imperialism, Sir Winston Churchill is still alive to send men's minds back to the Battle of Omdurman. (There are those who also contend with some justification that the whole affair would long since have been forgotten if young Churchill had not been there to charge with the 21st Lancers against the Khalifa's dervishes, and then gone on to write his first great historical work, *The River War*.)

British pride in the Sudan has been a pride not just of conquest but of building. The caliber of civil servants that the Sudan Service has attracted has always been high, administration has been enlightened and forward-looking, and progress has been steady. Now, in the year of the British departure and the Sudan's emergence as a self-governing state, the servants of dwindling empire are at least enjoying the satisfaction of a moment of historic appraisal, for they can look back across their fifty-seven years here and tell themselves fairly that they have built well.

THE BRITISH "mission" in the Sudan assumed from the first a sort of Victorian moralism. There was certainly no economic or commercial interests to attract imperialists, as there was in India and Malaya. The Victorian statesmen sent General Gordon here to smash the slave trade in the 1870's. He was sent back again in 1884 with instructions to extricate the Khartoum garrison from the clutches of the Mahdi's rebellion, but he stayed and was martyred, much to the embarrassment of Prime Minister Gladstone. At news of his death a wave of moral indignation swept England, a popular outcry to end the savage rule that gripped the Sudan and to avenge the beheaded representative of Her Britannic Majesty.

Inevitably this crusade led to Kitchener's expedition and the Battle of Omdurman in which the Mahdi's successor, the Khalifa, was routed; to the establishment of an Anglo-Egyptian condominium over the Sudan in which the British never allowed the Egyptians to do much more than fly their flag, and even made them stop that eventually; and

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

above all to a long and steady period of stability, improvement, economic expansion, and benevolent despotism for the country.

Recessional

When a colony begins muttering about running its own affairs, a look of shock, pain, and anguish almost always crosses the official countenance of the possessing power—accompanied automatically by the indignant first reaction: "But these people are not yet ready for self-government." The fact that such a reaction is something of a self-indictment of the fashion in which the colonial power has been bearing its White Man's Burden, and that people almost universally prefer to run their own affairs badly rather than have somebody else running them efficiently and well, never seems quite to register.

The British, who are in the final stages of withdrawal from hundreds of posts of full and absolute responsibility for Sudanese affairs, would be less than human if they were going around Khartoum in their last hours saying how well these colored chaps are getting on with it. But in fact, most of the British doubts about Sudanese capabilities concern the efficiency of service at the Grand Hotel (now that a Sudanese manager has taken over), the cleanliness of the rail and river-boat service that the Sudan Defense Force will maintain with its British officers gone, the efficiency of the post and telephone service, and sanitation in the capital.

HARDLY ANYBODY here questions the capabilities of the Sudanese in the general sphere of self-government—of financial management, policymaking, administration, and all the rest. Perhaps this is the British paying a silent tribute of a sort to themselves and the fact that they have done pretty well by the country. Fifty-seven years is not a very long time, after all, in which to educate a nation all the way from a Fuzzy-Wuzzy tribal society to the modern complications of balance of trade, international relations, cotton marketing, irrigation, and Nile River problems, the law and the writ of habeas corpus, international civil aviation over-fly rights, and tax collection.

Not that the Sudan is a modern society, but it is far more advanced than its neighbor Libya, which was the latest nation of the world to emerge in independence. There is a strong nucleus of educated and trained Sudanese around whom the future can be built. Since they have been educated and trained by the departing British, and since it would be unsporting to show any lack of faith in one's pupils, the British indulge themselves only to the extent of wagging their heads and remarking, "They're finding out how difficult things are running a government."

The 'Menace' of Egypt

From the Sudanese standpoint the reverse is somewhat more true. The Sudanese are finding out how much they have learned, and they are not worried about a temporary decline in the efficiency of the Khartoum street-cleaning service.

There were plenty of legal and political problems involved in the liquidation of the fifty-seven-year-old Anglo-Egyptian Condominium Agreement, even if it never really was a true working condominium rule. Others believe, and not without reason, that the great shadow of Sir Winston Churchill, with his vivid memories of the charge of the lancers at Omdurman and his later determination not to preside over the liquidation of the Empire, made the road to self-government a pretty rough one for the Sudan. Certainly, when agitation from the Sudan and Egypt for an end to the condominium reached its height and violence in 1952, Churchill—under fire from his own Conservative backbenchers for the slightest show of Empire weakness—was not inclined to be generous even about the inevitable.

"A generation has grown up which knows little of why we are in the Sudan and what our work there has been," Churchill wrote in 1932 in a preface to a new edition of *The River War*. "It is my hope that this story may be some help and encouragement to those young men and women who still have confidence in the destiny of Britain. They may learn from it how much harder it is to build up and acquire than to squander and cast away."

Yet others at the seat of power in London saw the inevitable and saw

the difficulties Britain would create for itself if it held out too long. They also saw that the continued rebuffing of Sudanese aspirations was throwing the Sudanese more and more into the arms of the Egyptians. This, for a variety of reasons, the British dislike heartily. They believed that if the Sudan were ever to join Egypt in some sort of a union or political federation, it would only end in civil war or revolt. The two nations are not homogeneous, and the Sudanese have enough of a history of their own to have interests of their own.

In 1952, the sense of "common cause" between the Sudan and Egypt was heightened by the fact that Gen-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eral Mohammed Naguib, who then headed Egypt's revolutionary government, was born in Khartoum, attended Gordon College, and spent his early life in the Sudan. Egypt was pouring money and propaganda into the Sudan, admitting an expenditure of $5.6 million on the "education and enlightenment" of the Sudanese in two years. Had the issue of the Sudan's future been forced and decided then, there is no question that the country would have merged with Egypt.

The British, therefore, aimed at playing for time, and in the end, after a long diplomatic wrangle, they got agreement with the Egyptians in February of 1953 on a step-by-step plan for liquidating the condominium over a three-year transitional period, at the end of which time the Sudanese will decide the form of government they want.

The Nile

The Egyptians may have felt that the money they were spending and the unity they were enjoying would see their cause through the transitional period successfully. But in fact the drift has been steadily in the opposite direction until today there is not a chance that the Sudan will vote for anything but the vaguest of links with Egypt. The Premier, El Sayed Ismail el Azhari, who was regarded as pro-Egyptian when he took office in 1954, is now talking about forming a joint Sudanese-Egyptian "Committee of Ministers," to meet once a year and discuss common problems, as the closest arrangement he is prepared to undertake. The son of the Mahdi, Sayed Sir Abdel Rahman el Mahdi—who rebuilt his father's tomb at Omdurman into a glistening aluminum-topped religious shrine—is a power for the cause of full Sudanese independence; apparently he wouldn't mind being king.

There are a number of reasons why British strategy has paid off, and why the Sudanese have cooled so appreciably in their devotion for common cause with Egypt. The ousting of General Naguib from the top post in Cairo hurt Sudanese feelings. Moreover, the Egyptians rather overplayed their hand by giving the impression that since they were spending a lot of money in the Sudanese cause, they were entitled to a first mortgage on the country.

But the real, central, inner reason is the problem of the Nile and its waters. Nowhere in the world do the lives of so many millions of people depend so absolutely on a single stream. Without this tremendous life-giving river descending from the equator to the Mediterranean, the entire northeast quarter of Africa would be sandy and rocky wasteland. As it is, only along the Nile, or within reach of an irrigation canal or a pump, does the green of vegetation push back the brown of the desert.

Since life itself is at stake, it is not unnatural that the question of dividing up the Nile waters arouses emotions. The ideal use of the Nile, which may yet be realized before this century is out, would be to prevent a single drop of its precious waters from ever reaching the Mediterranean: Divert every gallon, draw off every drop, store it behind dams, channel it through hydroelectric turbines, pump it into tanks, lead it through diversion ditches and canals, raise it up to the fellahin's small patches through the ancient camel-powered water screws still used here—spread it far and wide so that the land and the people may live and prosper.

About eighty-four billion cubic yards of water flow through the Nile each year, taking fourteen days to make the journey from Khartoum to the Mediterranean at flood time in September and forty-two days during the springtime slack. Egypt draws off for irrigation and use about forty-eight billion cubic yards annually, while the Sudan uses only four billion. This leaves thirty-two billion cubic yards undivided, unused, and flowing out to sea. But before any dams can be built that would permit greater utilization, agreement must be reached on a permanent division of the thirty-two billion cubic yards.

Since life is so dependent on the Nile, this is not merely a division of river waters. It is a division of life itself, a circumscribing of national growth, a binding of future generations, an admission that your country will only be allowed to grow as big as *x* cubic yards of water will permit.

Conflicting Projects

Both countries have major dam projects. The Sudan wants to build a new water-storage dam on the Blue Nile to the southeast of Khartoum at a place called Er Roseires near the Ethiopian border. The Egyptians have completed engineering studies and technical plans for a truly monumental piece of construction—heightening the already great dam near Aswan in southern Egypt so as to back up the Nile for nearly a hundred miles and store four times the water stored by the Hoover Dam, adding two million acres to the arable land of Egypt. The scheme will take ten years to complete.

WHEN the Sudanese sat down last fall to their discussion of the division of the Nile waters and reciprocal agreement on the building of the two new dams, they found that the Egyptians were not nearly as brotherly as they had been in making common cause against the British. The Sudanese, advised by British officials, put forward what was undoubtedly a large claim for a water share, considering what the country is at present utilizing, but Egypt came back with too low an offer.

Two conferences on the matter have been held so far and both have

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

broken down—the second in angrier recriminations than the first. On the other hand, the problem of the Nile waters is one of those basic issues which simply must be resolved, for both the Sudanese and Egyptian populations are fast overtaking the present utilization.

Apart from the issue of the division of waters, as such, the political effect of the squabble with Egypt has been to settle the issue of Sudanese independence. The Sudanese could scarcely have been handed a better demonstration of the fact that union with Egypt would mean an end to any independent claims or action on sharing of the Nile.

El Gezira

The biggest Nile-utilization scheme in the Sudan is a million-acre cotton-growing irrigation project to the south of Khartoum, between the White Nile and the Blue Nile, known as El Gezira (the Island). Conceived and constructed by the British in the mid-1920's, the Gezira project is the economic heart of the Sudan. El Gezira is divided into 28,000 small tenant farms, employs a total of about 150,000 people, and directly supports a population of half a million on its six thousand square miles. More than that, it accounts for seventy per cent of the total value of Sudanese exports, and has been the one development that has changed the economy of the country from a sort of backward self-sufficiency to an expanding, exporting nation.

Maintenance of the efficiency and the crop standards of the Gezira irrigation system will be perhaps the most difficult technical problem to face the Sudanese when the British are finally gone. It takes a great deal of experience, skill, and technical knowledge to irrigate properly. The Nile bears tremendous quantities of silt, and there is a constant problem of sluice gates silting up. Wet fields breed malaria mosquitoes which must be controlled. Too much water can kill a crop; too little can burn it out. Soil will salt up under improper irrigation, and the 28,000 small farmers must be closely supervised as they plant and cultivate if high standards of cotton are to be maintained. There is all of the technical work of keeping pumps, gates, ditches, and electric lines in good repair. The British managers of the Gezira irrigation scheme are among the saddest among the eight hundred-odd technicians who are being forced to leave.

The Defense Force

One institution that the British do leave behind with some confidence is the Sudan Defense Force—which is certainly one of the smartest and best-trained armies of Africa. There are capable Sudanese officers, trained at British staff schools, who have already taken over active command, and about the only doubts the British have concern not the training standards they will maintain but the problem of military initiative.

In the Second World War the Sudan raised fourteen line battalions of infantry and fought with effectiveness and distinction in the Ethiopian and North African campaigns. Great Britain made a million-pound gift to the Sudanese people at the end of the war as a token of its gratitude. Most of it went to the University College of Khartoum, and it is the only money that the Sudan has cost the British taxpayers these last ten years.

UNDER the self-determination agreement, the Sudanese will pass a parliamentary resolution in the next few months asking the two condominium powers to set in motion the final stages of independence. Within three months of that date, the British battalion and the small Egyptian garrison maintained here will be withdrawn. Major General John Gifford will take the last salute where Gordon and Kitchener and his many less famed predecessors have served. Then when all the troops are gone, the Sudanese will proceed to the election of an assembly, the drafting of a constitution, and a decision on their form of government—republic, kingdom, federation with Egypt, or whatever.

In the meantime, General Gifford, a hearty old soldier who has spent much of his career in this area and speaks fluent Arabic, gets some historic pleasure out of exercising the one remaining British battalion once a year or so on the battlefield of Omdurman.

'Auld Lang Syne'

It is certainly no accident that a sentimental War Office has garrisoned the Lancashire Fusiliers in the Sudan for the closing chapter of British military history here; they were on the field at Omdurman in 1898. And what, the British are asking themselves as they leave, of the relics of our history we leave behind us, of the city we have built, the streets we have named, the statues we have erected? What about the plaque on the stairs of the Palace marking the place where Gordon fell—will that come down when the Sudanese take over? Will Gordon's statue be moved, or Kitchener's?

And what of the memorial obelisk at Omdurman to the charge of the 21st Lancers? And the gunboat, now anchored in the Nile, which Kitchener brought up the river in 1898 to fight the river war? Khartoum Museum even contains the first motorized vehicle ever designed and built for the British Army—a 1905 forerunner of the jeep.

The answer seems to be that a lot of the violence and bitterness that the Sudanese were displaying toward the British three years ago has dissipated quickly. They are glad to see the British go, but there's a sort of nostalgia about the train departures—every Sunday and every Wednesday—from Khartoum for Cairo over the railroad Kitchener built more than half a century ago. The Sudanese are a friendly people, and the British have gotten on well here, and there seems to be a considerate regard for history as such even if the British did make it.

The temptation to change a few Victorian street names probably will not be resisted, and already there are encroachments of modern traffic on Kitchener's Union Jack town plan. But British history and the British hallmark on Khartoum cannot be erased, even if the Sudanese should seem so inclined.

A few weeks ago, Sir Robert Howe retired as governor general and took his leave of Khartoum after eight years, and the Sudan Defense Force band turned up at Khartoum Station to play "Auld Lang Syne." Not many a British governor general has been so serenaded on his departure these last ten years.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Hour of Destiny Strikes For Ambassador Stufflebeam

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

AT THIRTY seconds short of eleven o'clock in the morning, the Ambassador, always a punctual man, glanced up at the ornamental wall clock opposite his desk. "They're not going to be late, are they?" he asked.

The young First Secretary crossed to the window and leaned out under the awning beside the American flag that hung limply over the blazing avenue. Nothing could be seen approaching but dusty drays and rickshas. "They usually are, sir."

Both men mopped their faces. Even at eleven the capital sweltered, and the two men were particularly aware of its heat because at the moment they were both wearing full evening dress. The Ambassador rose, feeling perspiration trickling down under his stiff shirt front and threatening to wilt his white tie and collar. "This is like Aden," he said, standing before the fan and holding his tailcoat wide open to let air circulate. "In fact, worse than Aden." The clock struck eleven, and at once the fan stopped. "Now what?"

"The juice always goes off here at eleven, sir," the First Secretary explained. "They're economizing ever since we cut back our level of aid."

"Where are the attachés? Are they clear about the routine?" The Ambassador fingered his copy of a memorandum headed "Ceremonial for Presentation of Credentials at Imperial Palace . . . Departure, 11 A.M. . . ." The memorandum was wilting too.

"Last time, for your predecessor's presentation, the imperial escort was half an hour late in arriving. The attachés are probably down in the snack bar, staying cool."

The Ambassador looked up—a lean, gray-haired, precisely chiseled figure, whose eyes, no matter what they were looking at, managed to convey a sense of atmospheric distance between themselves and their object. "Indeed," he said. "Then ask the attachés kindly to disengage themselves from the snack bar and be ready in the reception hall at once. They needn't assume that the escort will be equally late for me."

The First Secretary winced. His new chief returned to his memorandum, concealing any further expression. A good beginning, the Ambassador thought; let them know right off that things are going to be run differently here now that a professional has taken over from that visiting meat packer on whom the President thought he could rely. The place for meat packers is in Chicago. But not here, out along the eastern forefront, where a man must really be trained and know how. . . .

"Could I bring you up a Coke, sir?" asked the First Secretary as he went out, hoping to rehabilitate himself with his perspiring chief.

A Coke! Here he was about to be presented in high ceremony as plenipotentiary of the United States to an eastern court—a poignant moment marking the first time in his long service that he had reached the status of an envoy—and he was being invited to celebrate it with a Coke. He made no answer, seemingly absorbed in his memorandum and confessing to himself that despite his years of training he was nervous. There must be no mistake; the sensitive relations between Washington and Bingpuk depended on it, not to mention his own career.

"On alighting in the Great Palace Court," he read again, "The Imperial Master of Ceremonies will present the Baron-Commandant of the Guard of Honor, who will . . ."

THE FETID air of Bingpuk rose under the awning, leaving him feeling stifled and queasy. He had dreamed that when the great day of his Ambassadorship came at last, it would see him in some capital very different from this—some famous seat of western boulevards, historic embassies and titles. Still, he had at least become an Ambassador.

The First Secretary returned with the Coke. Simultaneously a clatter of hoofs could be heard coming down the half-paved avenue. Any instant now the gilded state coach which the government at Bingpuk had acquired generations ago, secondhand from Paris, would arrive to carry him to the tinkling jigsaw palace, accompanied by a platoon of the boy-emperor's household cavalry. He arose, white gloves in hand.

From under the awning, the First Secretary shook his head. "Only more drays, sir." He held out the Coke.

Dress Rehearsal

It was already fourteen minutes past the hour. The new Ambassador wondered whether the boy-emperor and the palace gang intended some slight. What a pack of thieves these people in this hole of Bingpuk were! He was about to blurt out his opinion but restrained himself; in the Service one must maintain entire calm and self-discipline even before one's First Secretary. "We may as well run through the ceremonial again," he remarked distantly. "As I enter the sovereign's presence . . ."

"You'll want to watch that slippery floor, sir. The last Ambassador almost—"

"I advance to within six paces of the throne for my third bow and then address the twelve-year-old somewhat like this:

"J'ai l'honneur de presenter à Votre Majesté les lettres qui m'accréditent auprès de son auguste personne en qualité de . . ." He formed the words without further assistance from notes, and observed the First Secretary's dawning air of admiration: Evidently his predecessor from the stockyards hadn't been capable of this. *"Permettez-moi, Sire,"* the Ambassador continued, facing his assistant in rehearsal and rising into assured verbal flight, *"d'être à même temps l'interprète des sentiments d'estime que mon Gouvernment professe à . . ."*

The desk telephone rang. "Shall I take it, sir?" the First Secretary broke in while his chief went on without pause. As the words poured forth, the Ambassador could imagine for a moment that he was

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

standing not in Bingpuk but under the candelabra of some far greater capital and before some world-renowned head of state, in fulfillment of his dream:

" . . . *J'accepte avec joie l'honorable mission de maintenir et de rendre plus intime les bons rapports entre deux nations soeurs par la communauté des interêts et. . .*"

"Sir."

"*. . . et la foi démocratique.* What is it?"

"There will be a slight delay, sir. The state coach has broken down."

AN HOUR LATER, when repairs had been made, the Ambassador proceeded to the Palace and then (changing from evening into formal morning dress) to the Foreign Ministry, from which he returned to the Embassy to dictate his report to Washington:

SECSTATE

PRESENTED CREDENTIALS TWELVE-THIRTY AFTER HOUR'S DELAY IN PALACE ARRANGEMENTS POSSIBLY REPEAT POSSIBLY UNINTENTIONAL. SHORTENED MY PRESENTATION SPEECH TO SUGGEST SLIGHT PERSONAL DISPLEASURE. FOREIGN MINISTER EXTREMELY APOLOGETIC AND VOWED CO-OPERATION. BELIEVE REALISTIC BASIS ACHIEVED FOR UPCOMING TREATY NEGOTIATIONS.

STUFFLEBEAM

"Good old Stufflebeam," said the young desk officer who first saw the message at the State Department, "Never misses a trick." He marked it at once for the attention of his superior.

"Can't you just see him out there?" remarked the bureau chief, initialing it. "Starchy. Guaranteed not to wilt in any heat."

"Damned good thing we've still got some of those old-timers about," thought the Assistant Secretary, marking it for the Secretary. "What with all these new brooms." But the Secretary was absent at the latest hemispheric conference, and so the report passed into his files.

A Five-Gun Salute

In Cadwallader Stufflebeam's senior year at Harvard, during the Administration of Calvin Coolidge, a questionnaire had gone around among upperclassmen asking them what they planned to become after graduation, and among the hundreds of intended stockbrokers and corporation lawyers Stufflebeam had stood out alone by stating without hesitation, "Diplomat."

He had come upon this choice through family example and an

eager desire to serve his country. His uncle, also a Cadwallader, had captured President Theodore Roosevelt's attention when as a young man on a hunting safari he had dispatched a cheetah with a knife, his gun having jammed; as a result of this performance he had at once been commissioned a consul and had gone on to make a notable career in the Orient.

The younger Cadwallader was of more serious bent: He studied modern languages, Slavonic Culture, Islamic Folkways, took a semester in Colonial Expansion, another in Maritime Rights, and a year in the Diplomacy of Imperialism to prepare himself for his chosen career and its stiffened entrance requirements. Directly after graduation, he journeyed to Washington to present himself as a candidate. He never forgot his encounter with the courtly official seated under aspidistras with a stack of Social Registers at his back, who glanced approvingly along his profile and the cut of his clothes and finally remarked, "I see most promising material in you, Stufflebeam. How well I remember your uncle out in Foochow! I take it you also have . . . er . . . or may soon have . . . adequate private means?"

The gentleman had been following the society columns and knew that young Stufflebeam was engaged to a wealthy girl. So they were married, the examination went off easily, and before long he was commissioned and sent down to Central America to begin the long climb up the ladder to Bingpuk.

"AH, THOSE DAYS in Puerto Castillo, when I was just a green young vice-consul!" he would reminisce after dinner when he had grown gray and hard-bitten in the service; "I remember how thrilled I was when a U.S. destroyer put in and I went aboard to pay my first official call and found myself piped over the side and given a salute of five guns that echoed around the harbor. Remember, Eleanor? And how the guns were so loud that the local population thought an American naval force was about to land and took off into the hills until I could coax them back!" Eleanor Stufflebeam for her part remembered chiefly the mosquitoes, the impossible servants, and the fact that her husband's official duties seemed to consist chiefly in bailing drunken American seamen out of local jails after waterfront brawls.

No matter, he told himself at the time; every experience helped to train him for greater things ahead. "Young man," his consul general had remarked one day at the beach club, "you're going to spend the better part of your life doing dull or trivial duties—reporting on banana or cobalt shipments, picking up the same kind of political gossip at five thousand almost identical official receptions in a dozen countries around the globe, making interchangeable speeches before monuments to heroes from Bolivar to Sun Yat-sen, dealing with traveling spinsters who've lost their passports, with heiresses who insist on being presented at Court, and with visiting Congressmen who must investigate everything, particularly the night life. Then, one day, if you're lucky, something may happen that actually matters: a local blow-up or a revolution, say, when it suddenly becomes a good thing for America to have an all-round hand at the spot, even if he's only what they call a cookie pusher. It's to be ready for that moment that you've

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dedicated your life, son. Like a soldier. And don't stick your neck out till it comes."

No revolution came to Puerto Castillo, and after two years Stufflebeam was transferred further south with a commendation. As a rising young specialist on Latin-American affairs he was next shifted to Reykjavik and then to Manila, dealing in turn with whale fisheries and Far Eastern trade and malaria. Finally came the reward of an assignment to Paris. "Nice life you picked for yourself, Wally," said a visiting classmate of his, now well up in State Street finance, admiring the eighteenth-century flat of First Secretary Stufflebeam on the Ile St. Louis. "Pretty soft." He did not know that his host had just received orders to proceed to Aden.

Cadwallader Stufflebeam and his wife moved among the continents, opening houses, closing houses, enduring blinding heat and six-month frosts, collecting old porcelain, exotic experience, titled acquaintances, and Chinese gongs—seeing the whole world and yet living wherever they went in their own special orbit apart from it. To the self-enclosed floating community of diplomats, each new capital was just a way station on the road of their advancement to the next. They were a clan distinctive in dress, punctilio, and speech, with even more punctilious wives. Often Minister-Counselor Stufflebeam came home from a day of wrestling in some outlying republic with matters of oil, extradition, or exchange to hear his Eleanor up in arms over an issue of diplomatic precedence at the bridge table. "Scarsdale," he muttered to himself; "that's what I drew: a lifetime of transplanted Scarsdales." But he said nothing; he had learned to be patient, and he was a dedicated man. One had to accept this life of exile and artifice in the hope that the moment for some signal service might still come.

He rose. He crossed deserts, faced up to Chinese war lords, evacuated Americans, endured air raids, endured also the oppressive fact that so many of his best dispatches dropped without comment into the files at home, and became a walking storehouse of information on a myriad of topics ranging from Arab law and opium smuggling to the names of the mistresses of every Cabinet Minister of whatever country he was stationed in. He corresponded privately with old cronies in Washington and learned when to talk and when not to talk. (Several who had talked too much, or reported too fully on what they thought, were now in trouble on the Hill.) He grew introspective and secretive, and his life was blameless: He never took that second cocktail which might, under the new regulations, turn him into a security risk. He also aided his country late one night in Paris by physically restraining an exuberant member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee from jumping fully clothed under a fountain in the Place de la Concorde.

"Tact . . . diligence . . . varied skills . . . coolness under pressure . . . clearly ambassadorial material," a Foreign Service inspector minuted.

Stufflebeam was brought home to Washington for a tour of duty on the policymaking level, after which, it was understood, if he made good he might be given a Mission.

So the Stufflebeams dismantled their latest overseas villa, discharged their servants, and underwent the discomforts of repatriation in a five-room Chevy Chase apartment while he performed the duties of Executive Co-ordinator of the Advisory Committee on Long-Range Contingency Planning. He examined all world-wide contingencies, tried zealously to co-ordinate the many advisers, and received from the new Secretary's office the comment that his work was notably "constructive." It all went into the files.

"Does this mean we'll get an embassy at last?" his wife asked. The servant problem in Chevy Chase was wearing her down.

Before long, dreaming of Madrid or Brussels, Stufflebeam was summoned into the Secretary's presence. His face fell when he heard the name of his destination. "Now, Stufflebeam, don't underrate Bingpuk," the Secretary was saying. "As you know, our relations there are in immediate need of improvement, if we're not going to have to face a . . a . . ."

"An agonizing reappraisal," Stufflebeam volunteered.

"Exactly. Stufflebeam, I've had my eye on you for some time. I've always maintained that when it comes to our most sensitive tasks abroad, there can be no substitutes for the disinterested, tested professionals of the highest constructive caliber. We need you right now to take over out there and reach a mutual-defense pact with them, Stufflebeam. You'll be performing a signal service."

An Unexpected Visitor

So at last his hour had struck. "We're off to Bingpuk!" he reported jubilantly to his wife, abandoning all reserve. "To where?" she gasped. "To line up Bingpuk with the West," he explained. "Don't underrate it, Eleanor. All my life I've waited . . ."

As soon as he reached the capital of the minuscule empire, even before his far-traveled belongings had been settled into the Residence high up on its slope above the fever swamps, Ambassador Stufflebeam began upon the work that he hoped would crown his career: a pact with Bingpuk, a model pact. His opening move had shown his mettle.

The boy-emperor had become deferential, and the Foreign Office was purchasable—somewhat too purchasable, he thought. The boy on the throne needed to be defended with dollars, the household cavalry with new uniforms, and the Foreign Office confided that a time might come when the rest of Bingpuk would want to be defended against the household cavalry.

The Ambassador, seasoned in

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many continents, listened patiently to all the things Bingpuk said it needed, and then retired to his study to light a pipe and ask himself whether we in fact really needed Bingpuk. Surely we must do more than just add a link of paper to our chain of alliances. After all his years of anonymity, it would be pleasant to make headlines as the author of the Stufflebeam Agreement, but it must be one under which the other side at least started doing its share in return for economic and military assistance. He reported "progress" to Washington but said he was proceeding with "exacting circumspection" in order to achieve "favorable conditions" and advised "a posture of caution." The only question now was whether Washington would actually read what he had cabled. Since no reply reached him for weeks, he assumed that Washington supported him. He might yet become the author of that model balanced pact of mutual assistance. If only Eleanor weren't so impatient, thinking of her triumphal soiree.

Then, in the small hours one night, his duty officer arrived from the Embassy to awaken him with a priority night-action message from Washington. He threw on his dressing gown and hurried downstairs to read the hurriedly decoded sheet:

IN VIEW SPEEDY PROGRESS REPORTED RE TREATY, SECSTATE ARRIVING BINGPUK SPECIAL DIRECT FLIGHT WEDNESDAY TO TAKE OVER IMMEDIATE CONCLUSION OF NEGOTIATIONS ON BASIS COMPLETE EQUALITY TWO NATIONS. MILITARY AID MISSION FOLLOWS. SECSTATE PERSONALLY REPEAT PERSONALLY DESIRES REITERATE ENTIRE CONFIDENCE IN AMB. WHOSE WORK SO FAR NOTABLY CONSTRUCTIVE.

"My God!" exploded Stufflebeam.

"I beg pardon, sir?" asked the duty officer, eyebrows raised.

Twenty-five years of training and discipline, he thought, with the hour of signal service at hand, and now this. "I was just wondering," he said quickly to his First Secretary, before whom he must show no emotion, "what is my wife going to say when she learns we'll have to vacate our bedroom and move over into the guest annex tomorrow to make room for the Secretary?"

VIEWS & REVIEWS

What's Wrong with Gold? Mr. Marbly Knows

ROBERT ARDREY

IT WAS GOOD to be in Durban. I had been in the African interior, a mile or so high, and I do not sleep well at a mile or so high. Here it was good old drowsy sea level, and I had had my first sound night-long sleep in weeks.

There was a dampness like Galveston in the spring. There was a breeze off the Indian Ocean like a cool, poised hand, so steady that one might build a leaning house of cards against it. It was good to sit by a broad café window in the evening and feel the breeze, and listen to the surf, and watch the strollers outside on the Marine Parade, and see the twinkling blue-and-red lights of a carrousel on the beach—to sense the respectability of this tropical little England, to put aside, for the time, the fears and hatreds of Johannesburg, and forget apartheid and a great lurking black continent like night at the white man's door.

The café orchestra was sitting silent, instruments on laps, listening. A large man with a Latin look was standing up and playing a trumpet. A blonde accompanied him on the piano. She kept looking at him and smiling. He played softly. His eyes were closed. His cheeks were undistorted. He played the trumpet as if he were whistling to himself, walking at night through some silent street. The long, sweet melody from Tschaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* strolled among the tables. A community of remembrance embraced us all, and I was a little boy in Chicago, in Jackson Park, and there was a bandstand, and my mother wore a dress with its hem in the grass, and somebody was playing a cornet solo.

"We are walking," said Marbly in a loud, hoarse whisper, "on the edge of a volcano."

He groped for the floor with his feet, and with solemn concentration walked around the table in a slow, unsteady circle.

"Sit down, you ruddy ruin," said Mrs. Coster, who was handsome. Mrs. Marbly, who was not, said nothing.

"Gold!" said Marbly. He pointed his forefinger, which had been broken at some time or other and was crooked, at Mrs. Coster's nose.

The orchestra's violinist, his instrument in his lap, was looking at Marbly with small appreciation. It's usually an American, I thought; thank heaven he's English, they're all English. Let them settle this among themselves.

The crooked forefinger was seeking my nose.

"Fort Knox," said Marbly, and he found his chair and collapsed into a great white rumpled tropical heap.

Oh, Lord, I thought, I have done it again. I have somehow given this man the impression that I'm an economist. He wants to argue with me. What is there about me that keeps giving people false impressions? This is how it was in Tanganyika, with Jack Coster. My whole career in Africa has been one fake after another.

Eve Coster still glared at the moody heap. Mrs. Marbly continued her drinking.

THIS QUALITY of inspiring false impressions is embarrassing. I regard myself as a sound sort of citizen, a man of dull integrity. It comes always as a blow when I find myself sailing under false colors.

I can recall a time in New York, back in the 1930's, when I was doing my first Broadway play and living at the Alpha Delta Phi club. I was not

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an Alpha Delt, and I am sure that I never purposely deceived anyone. It came as a very great shock to me when, one night, two rows of Alpha Delts—quite alone in the quickly departing audience—rose and cheered for Brother Ardrey. This was about the same time that the Fifth Avenue office of the Guaranty Trust Company was cheerfully cashing my few checks under the impression—an impression which I did not give them, I am most certain—that the president of the bank was my grandfather.

It was such an unsolicited misapprehension that introduced me to African gold. I had received a letter from my old friend Jack Coster suggesting that since I was an adventuresome sort of chap I might like to join him for a few days at his new gold mine in the Tanganyika bush. A plane left Nairobi every Thursday.

An immediate false impression stood out in the letter. I should, I suppose, have corrected it, for I am anything but an adventuresome sort. For instance, large animals with outrageous canine teeth fill me with no overwhelming desire to prove something. But the Tanganyika bush sounded to me, in California, no more unreasonable than Africa as a whole. And so I simply replied that it would be fine.

The wrong end of Tanganyika sounded somewhat less reasonable to me on the cold, very early morning in Kenya when I was driven to my plane at Nairobi West airport. The big planes from Europe come in at Eastleigh. Nairobi West is the airport for planes that international travelers aren't supposed to see. I found mine.

It was a small wooden biplane. It had two motors such as you use on a farm to generate electricity. The paint seemed quite sturdy.

"What do you call this?" I asked.

"It's a Dominie," said the pilot.

"Dominie what?" I said, trying with some difficulty to laugh. "Anno Dominie 1926?"

"Oh, stow it," said the pilot irritably. "What the devil do you expect, a DC-6?"

There was one other passenger, a white-haired elderly woman. In the course of the flight she learned that she was on the wrong plane. We passed, at a very slow speed and a very low altitude, over a most shocking piece of countryside. I did not see a single house or a kraal beyond the outskirts of Nairobi.

"What's down there?" I shouted at the pilot, who was sitting very nearly on my feet

"Game," he said. "Animals."

After a three-hundred-mile flight, we landed on a small piece of grass beside Lake Victoria.

The Great Statistician

"Damned glad to see you," said Coster. "Our geologist's going crazy. He's depending on you."

"On me?" I said. "I don't know anything about gold mines."

"Oh, sure you do," said Jack. "Don't you remember? You told me in London once about your uncle who was a prospector." I had a dizzy feeling. "No, that's not it. We know about gold. But our poor geologist! He's got a statistical problem. Drill samples. The mine's at a standstill. Hell, who knows anything about statistics? He doesn't. I don't. We were all going crazy. He'd sent off to Paris for textbooks. Then I remembered that you'd been a statistician."

"A what?" I said.

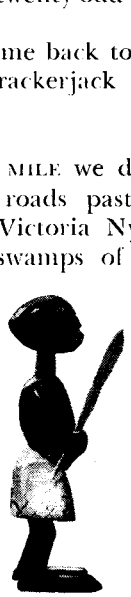
"Don't be modest," said Jack. "You told me all about it once. Jove, I can't tell you what a break this is for us. A statistician dropping out of the sky."

Unhappily I searched my rank past and my ranker future. It was true: I had told Jack such a story. Back in Chicago, in the early years of the depression, one survived by his wits. Frequently, when applying for a job, I would be asked if I knew anything about statistics. I invariably answered "Yes." I didn't, but neither did most prospective employers. And since no one else had the gall to give such an answer to such an appalling question, I kept myself neatly employed through a couple of hard years. I dreaded to think that in telling Coster the story many, many years later, I might have ended it gaily by saying, "And so I wound up a crackerjack statistician."

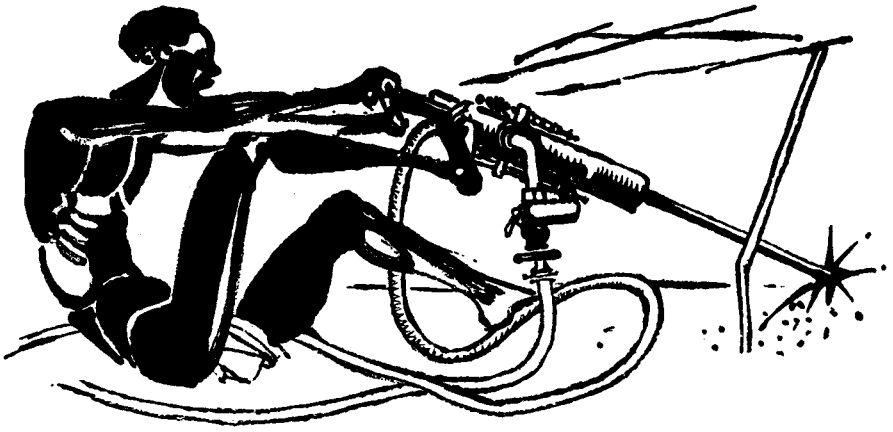
"That was twenty-odd years ago," I muttered.

"Oh, it'll come back to you," said Coster. "A crackerjack statistician never forgets."

MILE AFTER MILE we drove along red-clay roads past the deep blue bays of Victoria Nyanza, past the papyrus swamps of the Mara



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



River into the green hills of Africa. Coster chatted cheerfully. Less cheerfully, I wondered about the prevalence of the tsetse fly in Tanganyika, and whether sleeping sickness might not be the way out. In an hour we arrived at the mine.

The geologist, a young Frenchman, was worshipful. He treated me as if I might break. "It's so simple," he said, "but what do I know? Here are six hundred drill samples from the ore body. Five hundred and ninety-four average four pennyweight of gold to the ton. At this figure the mine can pay an operating profit but no more. All rests with the other six samples. They are—you say it in Hollywood—colossal. But what is the statistical significance of six samples in six hundred? Does the mine proceed or close down?"

It was, as he said, a simple problem—for a statistician. I consulted my soul and found it wanting. I confessed all. For the remainder of the day I held cool cloths to the forehead of what was left of the French geologist, studied charts, and listened with profound sympathy to the problems of gold mining. If a man is to go on conceiving of himself as honorable, he can do no less.

Three Shillings a Day

That had been my humiliating introduction to African gold. And now I was sitting at a table in a Durban café, the trumpeter and the blonde pianist had vanished, and a rumpled wreck named Marbly, who had been a mining engineer until he contracted bilharzia, was leaning across the table toward me.

"You are an economist," he was saying. "You can understand me."

"I am not an economist," I said. "I deny it. I never made any such claim. I never heard of economics."

"You told me before dinner," said Marbly, "that in Johannesburg you discovered that the average gold production on the Rand came to 3.8 pennyweight to the ton."

"Idle curiosity," I said rapidly. "Something that came up in Tanganyika. I just got wondering. I didn't even know how much a pennyweight was."

"Why do you affect this pose of ignorance?" said Marbly. "You are no fool."

"I am," I said. "I insist. I am too."

"I want to go home," said Mrs. Coster.

"Under seven dollars a ton," said Marbly, waggling his crooked forefinger at me. "You told me also that you had investigated gold production in the States. In California it is nine pennyweight, in South Dakota eight. Call it fifteen dollars a ton, and neither shows much profit. You have put your finger precisely on what ails us."

"I haven't put my finger anywhere," I said.

"I know where I am about to put mine," said Mrs. Coster.

"Gold!" said Marbly, somehow getting to his feet. "Gold! South Africa, my friend, has nailed itself to a cross of gold."

"Be a little original," said Mrs. Coster.

"Every year we sell half a billion dollars' worth of gold to you, my friend," said Marbly. "To you. To America. You bury it under Fort Knox. It is gold that you could not have mined. Not with your wage rates. It is gold that we could not have mined—except for our three-shilling-a-day black men. Three bob. Half a dollar a day. Three hundred thousand savages, digging gold that should never be dug. You are an economist. You understand me."

"I am not an economist," I said faintly. But I was staring at the forefinger.

"You are an American," said Marbly. "An American. And you are subsidizing our cheap labor. Half a billion a year. Raise wages on the Rand a shilling a day—what would happen? Half the mines would close down. Two-thirds. What would happen to our dollar credit? Our Chevrolets? Our Hollywood movies? Will you tell me? What would happen to our Strydoms and our Verwoerdts and our Nationalist Government, without those half a billion good American dollars? What would happen to us, the English South Africans who own the mines?"

'We Are Corrupt'

Slowly, unsteadily, he moved his white bulk in a circle about the table. Even Mrs. Coster was staring at him, and Mrs. Marbly had stopped drinking. He paused above me. He spoke softly.

"We are corrupt," said Marbly. "We, the English-speaking. We are totally corrupt. Why do we not sincerely oppose this Government when we so fear it? Why do we complain about apartheid and shake our heads with disapproval—and do nothing, offer no alternative program? There is a new law—the police can search my flat without a warrant. The excuse: the native. In England an Englishman would die before he accepted such tyranny. The same Englishman here will grouse a bit. Because he is corrupt and soft and spoiled with the profits of three-bob labor. Because our women are corrupt and soft and spoiled with the comforts of a four-servant household, and where else on earth can she find one?"

"Such rot," said Eve Coster.

"Gold," said Marbly, teetering. "We are approaching the edge of the volcano. And it is we, the English, who are responsible. We know better. The Afrikander does not."

He slumped into his chair.

"You see," said Eve Coster to me, "it is all your fault. If you Americans would just give us a credit

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the gold we don't dig up, then you wouldn't have to bother burying it, and we wouldn't have to bother digging it, and Jack, that fool, could come out of the bush—I'm damned if I'll ever go back to live with him if he doesn't—and a lot of loathsome, lazy, smelly natives could come out of the mines and go back to the reserves and be just as loathsome and lazy and smelly as they please."

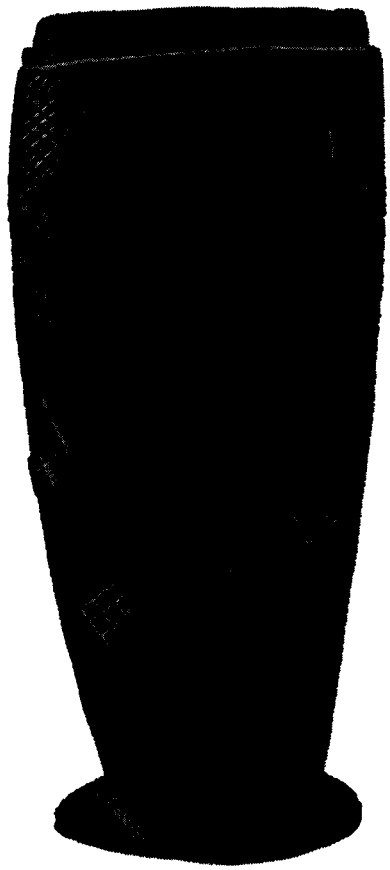
Marbly gave her a long, tired look. Mrs. Marbly ordered another drink. The orchestra was returning. Marbly sighed.

"I admire Americans," he said. "You will inherit the earth. You deserve it. You are so quick. You are so broadly informed. It is amazing, my friend, how all on your own initiative you have penetrated to the very heart of our problem. But of course you are an economist."

It would be graceless of me, I thought, to turn aside such a compliment. It wouldn't be fair to my country.

"I insist, I'm not an economist," I said modestly. "However, my father was."

He nodded.



Three Who Came Back—Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini

MARTIN MAYER

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI, Gaetano Donizetti, and Vincenzo Bellini were the names that dominated the opera houses of the world from 1820 until almost the end of the nineteenth century. Their tunes were the staple of the organ grinder and the delight of the pop-concert conductor; their elaborate writing for the voice was regarded as the necessary, ultimate test of a singer's training. Their operas were never taken wholly seriously as dramatic enterprises—the house lights remained on, people drank coffee in their boxes, dropped in to hear one aria or another, chatted with each other through the recitatives—but their songs were internationally known and loved as no music before or since.

They went out of fashion intellectually in the 1860's and 70's. The full-blooded romanticism of Verdi had made their serious operas seem stiff and brittle, and the taste for meaningful subjects drove off the stage their frivolous, even immoral *opere buffe*—though Queen Victoria herself delighted in Donizetti's "Io Son Ricco, Tu Sei Bella," the party song about the old Venetian Senator and the modest gondoliera. At the bottom of the decline, a decade or two ago, only two operas of the three composers consistently held the international stage: Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* and Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. In 1911 and again in 1929, the article "Opera" in the Encyclopaedia Britannica didn't even mention Donizetti or Bellini.

In the past few years, though, the half-forgotten Italian operas of the early nineteenth century have been edging back toward center stage. Major opera companies are rediscovering them, and America's many recording concerns, dying of competition with each other in the standard repertory, are rushing to put onto discs for the first time this rich vein of sparkling, immediately enjoyable music.

Chicago, launching a project that may replace the Teatro Colón of Buenos Aires as this hemisphere's most distinguished opera house, opened its doors last year with Bellini's *Norma;* its second season will begin in October with Bellini's *I Puritani.* Glyndebourne's new production for 1953 was Rossini's *Cenerentola;* for 1954 it was the same composer's rather evil-minded *Le Comte Ory.* The American Opera Society, which does concert versions of esoteric works at Town Hall in New York, last season placed Rossini's *Otello* and Bellini's *La Sonnambula* beside Gluck and Monteverdi. And the centerpiece of this year's Maggio Musicale at Florence was Donizetti's somber *Don Sebastian,* which as far as I can find out had not been performed anywhere in more than a century.

SEVERAL factors have hastened this recognition of despised and rejected quality. The contemporary musical world, having exhausted the important effects obtainable from the systematic exploration of harmony (and having discovered that it takes a rare and special talent to invent new rhythms), has returned to the notion that melody is an intrinsic rather than a merely decorative element in the structure of music. The most elaborate manifesto of this change is Igor Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress;* but the Master has also put it in prose with a (possibly careless) statement that he would rather have written "La Donna è Mobile" than any of the Beethoven symphonies.

Rossini, Donizetti, and Bellini stand with Haydn and Verdi, and with their own contemporaries Schubert, Schumann, and Chopin, as the greatest of tunesmiths. Rossini marches to the trumpets and drums of invention, elaboration, and shameless plagiarism; Donizetti is constantly dancing, cheerfully or in rit-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ual sadness; Bellini ravishes the ear with a long, pure, rolling line of melody that expresses nothing but does it irresistibly.

Opera itself is once again regarded as an artistically serious affair: The intensive spadework of Gustav Mahler, Bruno Walter, and Fritz Busch has yielded a delayed but rich crop. It has been conceded by all hands that Mozart's *Così Fan Tutte* is not a musical about a lost bet on a lady's virtue, but rather, in Virgil Thomson's words, "a plea for tenderness, for humane compassion, and for an enlightened and philosophical toleration of human weakness."

Some Charming People

In this atmosphere, musicians have made the experiment of treating Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti as important artists. In the history of opera they formed a direct bridge from Mozart to Verdi, and in themselves they combined the urbanity of the eighteenth century with the first emotional wrench of romanticism. There were still hazards blocking the way to enjoyment: Rossini and Donizetti were incredibly sloppy craftsmen, and Bellini had as little feeling for character as his friend Chopin. But once these obstacles were accepted, the explorers found before them a world of gaiety and dignity, of sophisticated, intelligent people whose musically etched personalities seem touchingly real after the excessive violence of expressionism.

Rossini's gift for characterization resembles Hemingway's. His people may be static, but they are often unforgettable. Figaro's "Largo al Factotum" in *Il Barbiere* is famous not only as the type of patter song but also as a great evocation of the picaresque hero. Both *Moses in Egypt* and *William Tell* contain serious musical reflections on the character of the patriotic leader, and the tough-minded heroine of *L'Italiana in Algeri* is no less genuine than Bernard Shaw's New Woman—and no more ridiculous. She is not, by the way, the silly-goose coloratura Adelina Patti made her; in Rossini's score she is a dark-voiced, utterly flexible mezzo-soprano.

The New Woman, intelligent and independent, is also the central character in nearly half of Donizetti's operas; his heroines are the only habitual book readers on the musical stage. Frustrated independence makes Lucia di Lammermoor a moving character still, though her mad scene is obsolete as a tragic spectacle. The triumph of the style comes in *Don Pasquale,* a work of very considerable subtlety and (for once) first-rate craftsmanship, the gayest and one of the most glorious operas ever written. It is the last great operatic farce, built on one three-dimensional character — the headstrong Pasquale, who is marrying to disinherit a rebellious nephew but has come to like the idea for its own sake. The three younger people who fool him—oh, so gently—are civilized and pleasant, and enjoy their own nonsense. The music is almost continuous, with only a few breaks of recitative, and the melodic invention seems inexhaustible. The libretto, most of it by Donizetti himself, is among the most skillful and literate in opera.

Rossini at his best looks back to Mozart, whose music he studied and worshiped all his life; Donizetti looks forward to Verdi, to the liberation of body rhythms from their formal eighteenth-century jackets. Both wrote brilliantly for the voice, and Rossini was an astonishing orchestrator. Given a good wind section and a sensitive conductor with a full grasp of rhythmic quantities, the operas of Rossini and Donizetti do not sound cheap or raucous or dated; they sound like good dramatic music, which is what they are.

And of course they record well. Listening to opera on records offers all the pleasures of reading a play: Your imagination can set the stage and draw the costumes, and move the people gracefully. To win these pleasures you must follow the libretto carefully as you listen, and unless you understand Italian you will need a literal and idiomatic rather than a singing translation of the libretto. The recording firms Angel, RCA Victor, and Cetra usually supply them.

Ten recordings of operas from this epoch can be more or less enthusiastically recommended. Briefly, they are Rossini's *Italiana* (Angel), *Cenerentola* (HMV), and *Il Signor Bruschino* (Vox); Bellini's *Norma* and *Puritani* (Angel) and *Sonnambula* (Cetra); Donizetti's *Campanello, Elisir,* and *Don Pasquale* (Cetra) and *Lucia* (Angel). Of these, only *Italiana, Elisir,* and *Don Pasquale* are faultlessly excellent; the others rely on one outstanding talent to cover their defects.

Especially *Norma, Puritani,* and *Lucia,* which live through the soprano Maria Meneghini Callas, the New Woman incarnate. Fire flashes from her eyes, her intelligence works all the time—and she is profoundly strait-laced. Her splendid voice is somewhat unevenly produced, and the microphone makes it still more uneven. But her abilities as an actress, both vocal and physical, are enormous—and her passionate belief in the serious operas of Bellini and Donizetti has been a major influence in their resurrection. The defects she overcomes in these Angel recordings are traceable to the unimaginative rhythmic patterns and dated histrionics of conductor Tullio Serafin.

In contrast, the Cetra recording of Donizetti's one-act *Campanello* is lifted to success by the perfectly balanced and controlled direction of Radio Milan's Alfredo Simonetto. *Italiana, Elisir,* and *Don Pasquale* all have the services of Cesare Valletti, the most delicately lyric tenor since Tito Schipa; *Italiana* has the handsome, agile mezzo of Giulietta Simionato; *Elisir* and *Pasquale* the charming soprano of Alda Noni and the fine *basso buffo* of Sesto Bruscantini. What establishes their excellence, however, is again the brilliance of the conducting: La Scala's Giulini on *Italiana* and Gavazzeni on *Elisir,* Radio Turin's Rossi on *Don Pasquale.*

Classics and Rebels

It is notable that the four conductors who have done the best work on these operas are all rather young and all in the forefront of Italian modernism, especially atonalism. Only the newfangled man can revivify the old-fashioned opera, because only he can understand why people want to hear it again.

Perhaps such conductors will get the assignments on future recordings of operas by these composers; the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

recordings themselves are inevitable and on the way. Our hundreds of record companies badly need the raw material. The number of important but unrecorded operas by Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti is as great as the number already on discs—and many of the existing records (particularly those of *Barbiere*) are unsatisfactory. Great voices and a careful editing away of inert material in the scores (such as Angel provided for *Italiana*) would add resonance to the boom for this music. But imaginative conducting is all the music demands to meet the reviving taste for intelligence and tunes and things Italian. «» »»

'Thank You, Miss Dane'

MARYA MANNES

THE FLOWER GIRLS, by Clemence Dane. *Norton. $4.95.*

This Christmas pudding of a book, rich with raisins, warm with brandy, and through sheer bulk (it is over six hundred pages) slightly indigestible, may be laid in 1946 but it exists in the nineteenth century. This is not because of the many flashbacks, incorporated skillfully enough in the dialogue, but because of two arresting elements. Miss Dane ignores, or is ignorant of, psychiatry; and she is a generous writer.

Miss Dane could not stand in more startling and refreshing contrast to some of her sister and brother writers, whose novels are either case histories straight from the analyst's notebook or so guardedly written (a miser hugging his symbols to himself) that they resemble bare and twisted trees shorn of leaves, empty of sap, and sheltering no one. These are the authors of whom one says "How beautifully she (or he) writes," for shape is all.

Lady Bountiful

It's the other way around with the author of *The Flower Girls*. You never think of how she writes; the shape is nothing, the story is all. She gives you everything, absolutely everything she knows about her fabulous Florister family, a theater dynasty that sprawled and flourished through the last hundred years in London. She loves every one of them for what they are, and she shares that love with you so bounteously and cosily that at times she overwhelms. She loves London, she loves the British character, she loves love, honor, decency, all the good qualities, including the nonconformity of the creative being.

Here again, her people, though by no means saints, are in highly marked contrast to the psychotics who populate so much fashionable writing today. It is possibly a dream world she documents so thoroughly and affectionately, but at least it is a dream and not a nightmare, and this is probably why the book will be successful, especially among the older and the leisured. It is hard for anyone pressed for time, impatient with bulk and length, used to literary snacks and quick drinks, to indulge in this banquet. Ideally *The Flower Girls* should be read on shipboard or in a hospital, where it could be a steady and comforting companion relinquished only for passenger small talk or nurse's business.

Let no one, however, class this book with the average historical wide-screen fiction or lending-library nougat. Miss Dane is a highly intelligent woman, with a shrewd knowledge of people that matches her compassion for them. Her acquaintance with the world of theater and the arts is close and specific. Her sense of history is deep, her sense of values unshakable.

Gosh, Jacy

She slips only, I believe, in the concept of her hero, Jacy Florister. That is because he is supposed to have lived his first twenty-six years in Hollywood as an American, brought up by an American mother and condi-

LINGUAPHONE
MAKES IT EASY TO
LISTEN and LEARN to
Speak

SPA[illegible]AN
GERMA[illegible]ANESE
MODERN GREEK—any of 32 languages available for

10 DAY FREE TRIAL

With LINGUAPHONE—The World's Standard Conversational Method—You Start to SPEAK another language TOMORROW—or IT COSTS YOU NOTHING!

For just 20 Minutes a Day you listen to Linguaphone's Life-like Recordings. It is easy—AND FUN—to learn another language AT HOME with LINGUAPHONE—the same natural way you learned to speak before you went to school.

Only LINGUAPHONE brings the world's outstanding native language teachers into your home. You hear both men and women speak about everyday matters in their native tongue. YOU understand—You SPEAK correctly as they do. It's like living in another country.

That's why Linguaphone is used 'round the world by educators, governments and business firms. More than a million home-study students of all ages.

10 DAY FREE TRIAL
Send today for Free booklet that tells about Linguaphone and how you may obtain a COMPLETE Course-unit in the language you choose on 10 day FREE TRIAL.

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
T-P-75 Phone: Circle 7-0830
Radio City, New York 20, N. Y.
Please send me your FREE Book about Linguaphone plus details of 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER. No obligation, of course.
Language interest.....
Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....
Over 50 Years Leadership In Up-To-Date Modern Language Courses

A frightening and challenging record of one man's effort to serve his country!

THE Private Diary of a Public Servant
By MARTIN MERSON

A book for every citizen who believes that public office is a public trust!

$3.00 at all bookstores
The Macmillan Company
60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Uncommonly logical book" —Newsweek

China AND THE Cold War

By LORD LINDSAY
Cambridge University Press
$3.75.

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS INVITED

Looking for a publisher? Learn how we can publish, promote and distribute your book, as we have done for hundreds of others. All subjects considered. New writers welcomed. Author satisfaction has made Vantage the nation's seventh largest publisher. Write today for booklet R. It's free.

Vantage Press, Inc., 120 W. 31 St., N. Y.
In Calif.: 6253 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28
In Wash., D. C.: 1010 Vermont Ave., N.W.

BOOK PUBLICATION

is a complex process involving many skills, imagination, understanding. If you have a manuscript—on any subject—write to us or send it directly. There is no obligation on your part, and you will have prompt attention by co-operative publishers who know their business.

THE AMERICAN PRESS
Atten: Mr. Butler, 489 Fifth Ave.,
New York 17, N. Y.

BRITISH ALL SUBJECTS BOOKS

Free BARGAIN CATALOG lists hundreds of interesting titles: Fiction, Literature, Drama, Art, Biography, Social Sciences, Philosophy, Religion, Occult, Psychology Travel, etc. Typical value: Bartlett's Familiar Quotations, 524 pages, $2.98 postpaid. Orders air-mailed daily to Britain and shipped direct to you (2 weeks to East Coast). Wants solicited.

TRANSATLANTIC BOOKS
Box 22-R Brooklyn 26, N. Y.

IS YOUR "GOLDEN RULE" IN HOUSING MINUS A FEW INCHES?

Live your beliefs in unsegregated housing in beautiful Bucks County. A spacious 3-bedroom ranch home . . . radiant heated, large finished garage on a fully landscaped ¼ acre lot $11,990 and up. Also 4-bedroom houses $13,600. 100% mortgages available. On bus line to El, near Phila. Interchange. Pa. Turnpike. Call ELmwood 7-4325 or write

CONCORD PARK HOMES
Old Lincoln Highway and Street Road, Trevose, Pa.

YOU CAN PUBLISH YOUR BOOK

Almost 2000 authors—most of them new—have had their books published, promoted and distributed through our unique plan. No matter what type of book you've written—fiction, poetry, biography, religious—we can help you. Send for our free illustrated brochure, "We Can Publish Your Book".

EXPOSITION PRESS | Dept. R-58
386 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK
IN CALIFORNIA: 9172 SUNSET BLVD., HOLLYWOOD 46

IF YOU'RE PUBLISHING A BOOK OR BOOKLET . . .

send for our *free folder* on how to go about it for best results.

THE WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS
313 West 35th Street New York 1, N.Y.

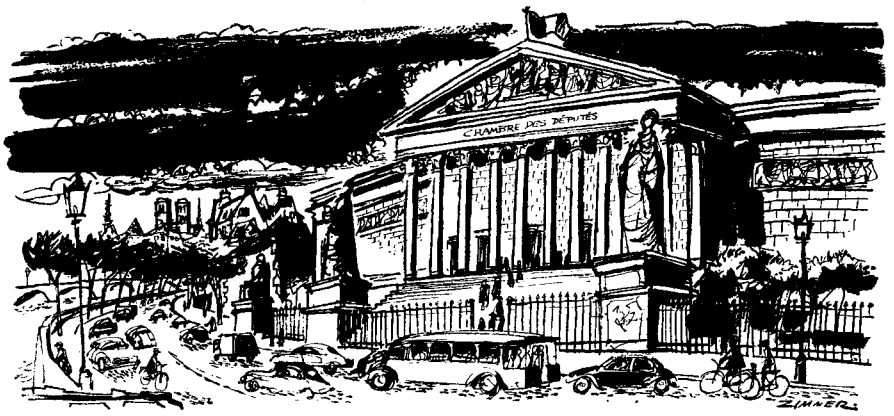
ATTENTION REPORTER READERS

Be sure to read announcement on page 7.

tioned to American life and movie mores in spite of his British paternal origins and subsequent orientation to England. The fact is that Miss Dane cannot make him seem even remotely, even superficially, American, no matter how many "goshes" she drops into his speech, how many references she makes to his inner conflicts as the issue of two civilizations. She loads her case, for the American mother is a preposterous character and Jacy Florister (a mistake of naming, no matter how much she "explains" it) is British to the core: Miss Dane has not really discovered us yet.

Excepting this—and accepting it—*The Flower Girls* is not only quite a performance but quite an experience, if you can stay the course.

Warmth and gaiety, generosity and cultivation—these qualities warrant indulgence, as much in the reading as in the writing. Those who finish the book might fittingly say: "Thank you, Miss Dane."



France's Revolt Against History

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

FRANCE AGAINST HERSELF, by Herbert Luethy. Translated by Eric Mosbacher. *Praeger. $6.50.*

The author of this bitter analysis of France is a Swiss, and it would be possible to surmise that some stupid, arrogant middle-class Frenchman stepped on the author's toes when he was a small boy, and it would not be surmise at all to say that at one time or another some stupid, arrogant French cop, or customs guard, or post-office clerk thumbing M. Luethy's identity card said something nasty about the Swiss; and so there could be the theory that this book is a work of disappointed love.

One trouble with playing around with such a theory is that sooner or later the French hurt the feelings of everyone not a Frenchman, and so no non-Frenchman could ever write a book about the French—or review one. Another trouble about the theory is that you say you are not going to use it, but in saying so you do.

L'Etat

This is the history of France since the Second World War, but it starts with the high Middle Ages and Philip I, the fourth king of the House of Capet to occupy the throne of the western Franks. It was this king "sitting in his court like a leper, abandoned by his lords and barons, living in open adultery, scorned and excommunicated, perjured towards his vassals . . . " who by his "unpretentious immobility" and lazy greed anchored a hitherto nomadic court and founded institutions and law for a state, with Paris fixed for all time as its capital.

No matter who subsequently went off to what crusade, no matter whether there came a time when a French king mistakenly thought he was the French state, no matter who

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made the Revolution, the Empires, the Restorations, the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Republics, the victories, the riots, the guillotines, the firing squads, the defeats—those institutions started by the early Capetian king endured. They have served and preserved the state. They have hardly changed. Age simply strengthens them.

An efficient civil service? Cops who serve any and every régime? Not at all. These autonomous and self-perpetuating bodies do not primarily carry out the changing purposes of the kings, Assemblies, and Ministers who in theory are their masters; they serve their own traditions, nourish and never relinquish their own power. The laws are sent them for execution and enforcement; the ones they do not like they lose in labyrinthine procedure. They can also act in a political void: That is what we saw in Vichy.

Dismal Parade

When the Resistance people came with their dreams of renewal, it was against these institutions that their effort broke. While politicians succeeded each other in the dismal parade of the futile years that followed, it was these unchanging institutions that gave France the semblance of still being a nation. But they made that nation incapable of action. They held it bound tightly to the past in which they lived. Among the politicians were courageous men. They could not govern because they could not move the dead weight of the state apparatus.

There was another dead weight, for the state apparatus was reproduced in thousands of nonofficial bodies that represented, and represent, the inertia, the selfish interests of commerce, industry, and special groups. During the German occupation each section of the country, each class of the population, had been forced—not entirely against its will—to depend more than ever on itself, on its own effort, for its own survival. Never as under enemy occupation is there a period in which self-interest so resembles virtue or contributes so greatly to preserve a nation's faith in itself. There was the resistance movement that fought the Germans; there was a resistance movement of a totally different kind that fought obdurately, meanly, selfishly for self-preservation. When Liberation came, the first of these movements, which was inclined to look beyond the boundaries of the nation and seek a renewal of liberty for all Europe, ran headlong into the second, which was inclined only toward resuming its own interrupted pursuit of happiness—and smashed.

Looking Backward

Neither the apparatus that served the state nor its manifold likenesses serving the private interests of citizens was capable of looking in any other direction than that of the past. The desire to recover what is lost is not enough to foster any united purpose. But the French did not even have such a desire; they had no nostalgia for the Capetians, for the Bourbons, for Napoleon—not even for the Third Republic. They were not aware that anything had gone, or that indeed there was a past. It was as if there had been no war and France were still a great power. They did not even watch the present as it turned day by day into the irrecoverable past: The empire crumbled—in Madagascar, in India, in Indo-China; it was threatened in North Africa—and they argued about subsidies to Catholic schools. Two immense powers faced each other in a new world that offered no resemblance whatever to one in which a Franco-German quarrel had any importance. The French, concerned only with their own pride, did not even argue seriously about Germany.

Queuille, Laniel, Bidault, Schuman, Pinay, in whatever order they come to mind, were among the men who tried to govern and who could not do so against a conservatism that was anarchy. Luethy makes it clear that no one could have governed under the circumstances. He also makes it clear that the Assembly, on which the blame is generally laid, was itself the prisoner of the electorate. As far back as one can remember, a romantic and silly distinction has been made by Frenchmen—French royalists were always at it—and by foreign observers as well between the "real" France and its institutions. The institutions—meaning whatever France did that was distasteful to the observer—did not

NOW YOU CAN INTRODUCE YOUR FRIENDS TO THE REPORTER — FREE!

When you read a book you particularly enjoy, or see an especially fine movie or play, or discover an excellent new restaurant, don't you look forward to telling your friends about it — and doesn't it fill you with satisfaction when their enthusiasm turns out to be as great as your own?

Why not do this with THE REPORTER too? You'll not only win your friends' gratitude — you'll also enjoy the added pleasure that comes from discussing THE REPORTER's thought-provoking articles with them.

If you would like your friends to receive and enjoy a free copy of THE REPORTER, just write their names and addresses below, mail the list to us, and we will send each of them a free copy with your compliments. (May we mention your name? If so, please fill in the appropriate blank below.) Attach an extra sheet if you have more names.

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY ZONE STATE _____

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY ZONE STATE _____

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY ZONE STATE _____

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY ZONE STATE _____

YOUR NAME _____

714

THE REPORTER
136 East 57th Street
New York 22, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

represent in the slightest degree the desires or thought or doctrine of the "real" country. Luethy abolishes this distinction. When de Gaulle formed his political party he based its claim and its power on the idea that the "real" France was as disgusted as he was himself with political parties that had proved incapable of giving France a government. Since the illusions of those parties were wholly shared by the French people, the only disgust he could arouse in the French was self-disgust.

No Possible Return

It is a terrible thing to follow Luethy's brilliant, coherent, yet strangely inhuman indictment of the French people, the "real" French people, for the paralysis they have not succeeded in fighting off. At first there seems no loophole of escape either for the French or for the reader. This is because Luethy's book is proclaimed to be, and seems to be, about France. Actually it is not. It is about Europe. It is not even just about Europe. It is about Africa and about all the peoples to whom Europe—and the French—have brought the notion of the individual's right to freedom. That is why this sardonic and cruel book is also hopeful and stimulating.

France has been attempting a return to its own affairs. But "such a return would be possible only in the form of a chauvinistic and chaotic revolt against history itself, similar to the dreadfully pointless revolts in the late history of Greece against the consequences of centuries of self-destruction—that late Greece which, in its decline into the provincial, in its colonial administration, and in its pathetic arrogance over a departed greatness in the midst of a Hellenised world whose brilliant motherland it once had been, is so alarmingly reminiscent of the age in which we live." There is no possible return to a position of isolated and self-sufficing greatness. There is not even the possibility of doing nothing and thus enduring. Luethy quotes Edouard Herriot: "France had the right to withdraw into her own grief." A nation like France has never the right to resign. It is only by moving again into Europe that France with Europe will be saved—and, at that, only if Europe and all the other continents move ahead into a new world.

WHILE we are waiting for that, we would do well to remember French people who are not in this book at all: the young man and woman who are riding a tandem bicycle out of Paris for the weekend with the picnic basket clamped to the handle bars; the young archaeologist studying at the Farnese Palace in Rome; the young intern in the hospital. They are not political figures; they have not lost hope.

Book Notes

THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS, by Louis Kronenberger. *Knopf. $4.*

Does anybody write letters just for the fun of it any more? The best of Mr. Kronenberger's essays concern a more leisurely and in many ways a more civilized age, the eighteenth century, when literate men and women thought it important to write both well and at length to their friends. Here is the irascible and unwashed Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whose relations with her own husband were almost entirely epistolary. And here is Alexander Pope, whose magnificent literary quarrel with Lady Mary began either when she returned some borrowed sheets to Pope's mother without having them laundered or when she burst out laughing at the ugly little man's attempts to woo her. Pope himself secretly arranged to have some of his letters pirated so that he would be compelled, in all modesty, to come forward with a complete authorized edition.

Mr. Kronenberger writes of a witty, reasonable age in witty, reasonable prose.

ELINOR GLYN: A BIOGRAPHY, by Anthony Glyn. *Doubleday. $4.50.*

Just about fifty years ago a great number of people in the United Kingdom and in the United States read about a man who was asleep at the wrong time: "Then a madness of tender caressing seized her. She purred as a tiger might have done, while she undulated like a snake. She touched him with her fingertips, she kissed his throat, his wrists, the palms of his hands, his eyelids, his hair. Strange, subtle kisses, unlike the kisses of women. And often, between her purrings she murmured love-words in some fierce language of her own, brushing his ears and his eyes with her lips the while. And through it all Paul slept on. . . ." When Paul awoke, the lady expressed her desire to be rid of the "rotting carrion spoiling God's world . . ." that was her husband, and somehow Paul seems off pitch at that moment too: "'Oh, my Queen!' said Paul distressed. 'Don't say such things—'"

Three Weeks was considered not just bad writing but immoral. Even Professor Thomas Lindsay, the Principal of Glasgow College, scolded Mrs. Elinor, but he had not read the book. When he had, "She found him in tears, sobbing that he had grossly misjudged it." This biography turns out to be the life of a romantic and rather engaging snob who worked very hard indeed.

DAVY CROCKETT'S OWN STORY: As Written by Himself. *Citadel Press. $3.50.*
THE LIFE OF DAVY CROCKETT, by Himself. *A Signet Book. The New American Library. 35 cents.*

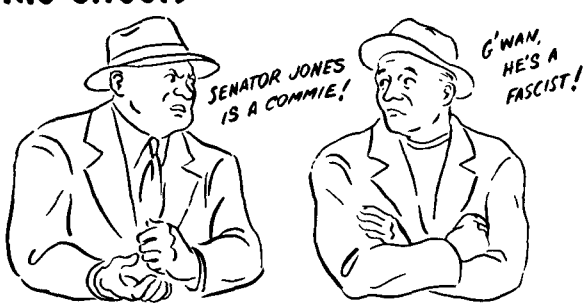
In 1834, Congressman Crockett traveled from Washington to Boston making speeches along the way, telling his interminable jokes—it would be interesting to find out at just what period "tall" stories first became a bore—and observing the new city taverns and theaters, which now we can see only in the faded lithographs of the time. He was exploiting his reputation for bear hunting and Indian fighting; he was the frontiersman. But when he visited the new cotton mills in Lowell, Massachusetts, he seems to have stepped out of his role entirely. Forgotten were the great open spaces; he loved the congested mills. In Lowell he dined on a "fine salmon"; he talked to girls making from "one dollar seventy-five cents to three dollars per week, after paying their board." "Here were thousands," he wrote, or had somebody write for him, "useful to others, and enjoying the blessings of freedom . . . Not one expressed herself as tired of her employment, or oppressed with work . . ." When the girls came out of the factories they "looked as if they were coming from a quilting frolic."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some people measure news importance by the size of headlines:

Some people wait for the perspective of history:

Some people ask the man on the street:



Some people want evaluated, accurate, balanced news-history NOW:

Some people read everything they can get their hands on:

Some people read only what has been digested to the vanishing point:

If you want to know not only *what* is happening, but *why* it is happening, *who* is responsible for it and what its *effects* might be, count on THE REPORTER. THE REPORTER brings you the kind of information you can't consistently get elsewhere — written especially for more demanding readers like you by foremost authorities in every field of world affairs.

The exploration of history in the making is a continuing process—and THE REPORTER's full value lies in its continuity, its issue-to-issue analysis of important events. So that you may see for yourself how satisfying it is to be always well-informed, we are making a special introductory offer for new subscribers only. You can get—or give to a friend:

The next 18 issues for only $2.67

Your subscription—or your friend's—will begin as soon as we receive your order, so why not mail the reply card opposite today? You need send no money; we will bill you later if you prefer.

Regular rates: 1 year $5, 2 years $8, 3 years $10
Add $1 per year for Foreign Postage

THE REPORTER

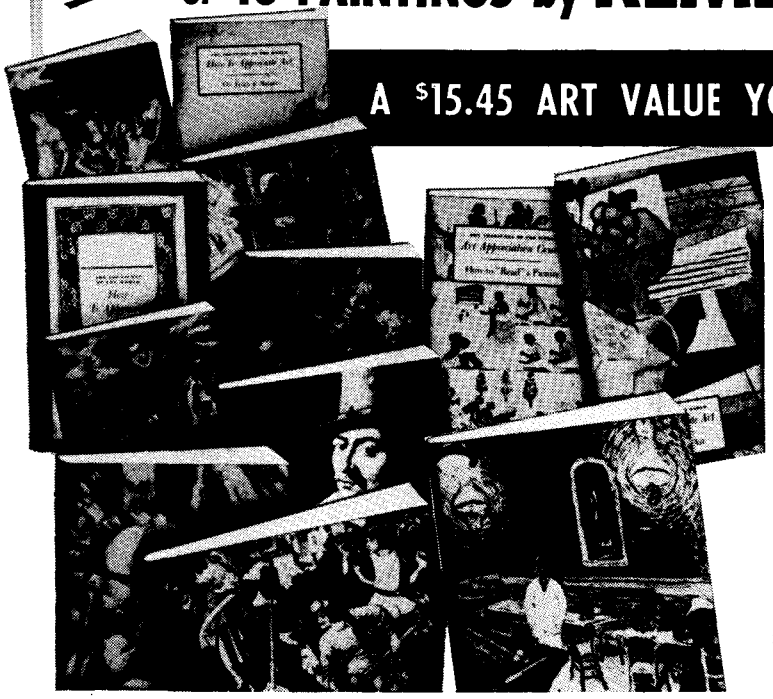
136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

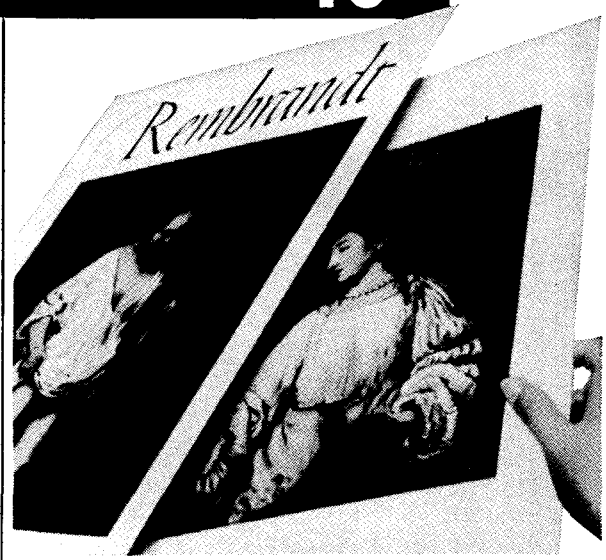
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU ARE INVITED TO ACCEPT

12 BEAUTIFUL 24-PAGE ART BOOKS *and* A MAGNIFICENT PORTFOLIO OF 16 PAINTINGS by REMBRANDT all for only 10¢

A $15.45 ART VALUE YOURS FOR ONLY 10¢





TWELVE-VOLUME ILLUSTRATED ART COURSE. A complete, 12-month Course in Art, Art History and Art Appreciation that covers every important phase of these cultural subjects. Lavishly illustrated with paintings from the world's great museums, and written by noted art experts, this unique Course will both delight and enrich the lives of you and your family.

THE BEAUTIFUL REMBRANDT PORTFOLIO contains gallery-size reproductions — in full, glorious color — of 16 of Rembrandt's finest paintings. Included are his famous portraits, nudes and such celebrated masterpieces as the "Night Watch." All reproductions are handsomely mounted and ready to frame on extra-large, 11" x 15" mats.

Acclaimed as "Lifelike"..."Sumptuous"

"I once paid $24.00 for a single Rembrandt reproduction. All 16 exquisite paintings in the Art Treasures Portfolio you sent me, I think, are better than my $24 subjects. Your paintings are so lifelike."
Mrs. C. Y.
Hastings-on-Hudson

"Monumental reproductions . . . The unusual quality of the color plates comes nearer to exact reproduction of color and brush work than any we have ever seen."
Ernest Watson, Editor
American Artist Mag.

"The series is sumptuous, no less, priced so amazingly low it will make you blink in disbelief. The art lover who doesn't take a look at these is doing himself an injustice."
St. Louis Globe Dispatch

THIS COUPON IS ACTUALLY WORTH $15.35 IT BRINGS YOU $15.45 VALUE FOR 10¢!

R-7

ART TREASURES OF THE WORLD, Dept. 507
100 Avenue of the Americas, New York 13, N. Y.

Here is my 10¢ as full payment for the Portfolio of 16 Rembrandt paintings which I am to receive immediately — PLUS your 12-month series on Art and Art Appreciation which is to be mailed to me every month for a year, all charges prepaid. With each Art Appreciation Book, I will receive advance notice of the new Portfolio Collection of reproductions by a famous painter, which I may purchase if I wish at the Regular Member's price of only $3.45 plus delivery charges. However, I may decline to accept any or all of the Portfolios offered to me by returning the advance notice form provided. It is understood that the Rembrandt Portfolio is mind to keep and I am to receive your 12-month Art Series—ALL FOR ONLY 10¢—regardless of how few Portfolios I purchase.

Membership limited to 1 person over 21 in any household

Name ..... (Please print)

Address .....

City ..... Zone... State.....

Canadian Address: 1184 Castlefield Ave., Toronto 10, Ont.

BRING TO YOUR HOME THE GREAT PLEASURES OF A CULTURED LIFE!
LET ALL YOUR FAMILY ENJOY AND THRILL TO THE GREAT ART OF THE WORLD!

Imagine — for only 10¢! No strings! No obligations! 12 exciting, instructive booklets on ART! 12 magnificent treatises of 24 pages each, each gloriously illustrated with examples of the world's finest art. Yes, a 12-month gallery series on ART and ART APPRECIATION, written by internationally famous experts . . . a course that would sell at retail for $12.00—now all yours for only 10¢! But that's not all—you also receive a magnificent Portfolio of 16 best-loved Rembrandt Paintings . . . worth $3.45 by itself—but given to you as part of this amazing introductory offer!

A $15.45 VALUE FOR ONLY 10¢

We offer this extraordinary value to show how easy it is for you and your *whole family to acquire an understanding* and appreciation of great art.

Quickly, easily, this 12-month Home Lecture Series shows you how to distinguish a masterpiece from a second-rate painting. You discover the "hidden meaning" of great art, and learn to understand even abstract art. You become familiar with great schools, styles, periods of art history . . . with the fascinating stories of the lives of great artists . . . their painting techniques and purposes. Right in your own home you thrill to the masterpieces of Van Gogh, Rembrandt, Utrillo. It's just like a guided tour through the world's great museums!

And, to demonstrate the remarkable Portfolios our members receive regularly—you get this magnificent Rembrandt Collection containing 16 glorious full-color reproductions of the artist's most famous paintings . . . on large ready-to-frame 11" x 15" mats! Plus complete material on all 16 plates and an enlightening story of the artist's life!

FREE to You—An Associate Membership in ART TREASURES OF THE WORLD
No Dues—No Obligation to Buy!

We give you this Associate Membership in *Art Treasures of the World* absolutely FREE to introduce you to this remarkable new plan that has already enriched thousands of homes with magnificent full-color paintings at a fraction of the usual cost! You will receive, each month, one of the Art Appreciation Books in your 12-month series, together with a description of the new Portfolio Collection soon to be released exclusively to Members. However, you are not obligated to accept any Portfolio *ever.*

16 Magnificent Full-Color Paintings on Ready-to-Frame Mats Larger Than This Page!

Should you decide to accept a Portfolio Collection, you will receive a new and different magnificent Portfolio of 16 full-color paintings by the world's greatest artists on extra-large 11" x 15" ready-to-frame mats for the special Member's price of only $3.45! Remember, you may reject any of the Portfolios offered to you by returning the form provided for that purpose. During this introductory period you get the 12-Month Art Series . . . and Rembrandt Portfolio—both for only 10¢—so mail coupon NOW!

ART TREASURES OF THE WORLD • 100 Avenue of the Americas, New York 13, N. Y.

YOU RECEIVE THIS ART COURSE

THE PLEASURES OF PAINTING
by Dr. H. W. Janson, *Chairman, Department of Fine Arts, New York University.*

ON TRUTH TO NATURE
by Dr. H. W. Janson

EXPRESSION IN ART
by Harry Bober, *Professor of Fine Arts, Harvard University.*

HOW TO READ A PICTURE
by Wolfgang Stechow, *Professor of Fine Arts, Obelin College.*

FORM AND DESIGN
by Seymour Slive, *Chairman of Art Department, Pomona College, Calif.*

STYLE AND STYLES
by Dr. H. W. Janson

ABSTRACTION IN ART
by Robert Goldwater, *Associate Professor of Art, Queens College, N. Y.*

WHAT PICTURES ARE MADE OF
by William S. Heckscher, *Professor of Art History, University of Iowa.*

WHAT MAKES A MASTERPIECE?
by William M. Ivins, Jr., *Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y.*

ON DRAWING AND DRAWINGS
by Jane Costello, *Assistant Professor of Fine Arts, Washington Square College, New York University.*

PROPORTION IN ART
by Harry Bober

PERSPECTIVE: SPACE AND DEPTH
by Richard Bernheimer, *Professor of the History of Art, Bryn Mawr and Haverford Colleges.*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED